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*We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The affair between Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. O'Brien has irresistibly recalled to us the name of Mr. O'Brien's own novel—"When We Were Boys". There is a saying of Cæsar's that boys wage great fights with each other for small matters; and indeed, when the thing is coolly looked into, one can discover little else in the set-to between the Kelt from Cork and the Kelt from Carnarvon. Blazing with fury, Mr. George says Mr. O'Brien peached: blazing with fury, Mr. O'Brien suggests that somebody peached to Mr. Redmond, who peached to the "Independent". And at it they go with all their might for about an hour and a half. It is certainly not politics and it is scarcely war, but it is magnificent fun while it lasts.

With whom do the honours rest? We incline to think they are easy. Many years ago London was convulsed by a quarrel between a celebrated politician and a celebrated owner of a daily paper. They had a round in the street—Fleet Street, so far as we recollect—and one prodded at the other with his umbrella. A lady who was passing called to an onlooker to disarm the brawlers—"They'll hurt each other!" she exclaimed. "They don't know how to, ma'am", replied the onlooker. And one is bound to say that there was not great damage done in Monday's affair. Does Mr. Lloyd George still abide by his declaration that in saying something "absolutely untrue" Mr. O'Brien was guilty of a "gross breach of confidence"? It would read at least as reasonably turned the other way—that Mr. O'Brien in saying something absolutely unconfidential was guilty of a gross breach of truth.

Yet there's a grave side to this piece of parliamentary fooling. We agree with Mr. Balfour. It will

be bad indeed if a Minister can never give an interview to a politician without the whole thing being rushed into print. A private interview is not always a vicious interview; it is not always a crime. Who blabbed first in this matter is not clear—perhaps there was somebody under the table or behind the curtain. But we cannot wonder the Chancellor of the Exchequer was ruffled by the incident. This time he has been Lime-housed himself in a way.

Bargain, we believe, is a Welsh word, and perhaps that is why Mr. Asquith and other members of the Cabinet distrust it. They vow solemnly there has been nothing in the remote nature of a bargain between the Government and the Irish. Nor has there been a compact, contract, or covenant. It has been a coincidence, no more. Mr. Asquith by pure chance has coincided with Mr. Redmond over the Budget and over the King. At the start they were centrifugal over these policies, now they are centripetal. It is the merest accident, a happy chance! We wonder whether there really is one grown man in the United Kingdom who takes this story gravely.

Mr. Healy's sting is like the hornet's, and he is of course a very terrible person with his tongue. But he talked nonsense on Monday about Mr. Asquith getting a foot on Mr. Redmond's neck. Everybody in his senses knows—no one knows it better than Mr. Healy—that Mr. Asquith has yielded to the Irish demand that the Government should take the King by the beard—a thing strange and odious to a man like the Prime Minister, who has always moved by choice among gentlemen, and who of habit is a statesman. Mr. Asquith's feelings, when the time comes for the hateful job, will, we should say, be like those of Garat, Minister of Justice, on his way to the Temple with the exclamation "Quelle commission affreuse!"

Mr. F. E. Smith, in Monday's debate, completed our quotation last Saturday from Buckingham about him "whose word no man relies on". He has a better memory for full quotation than have we. The lines made Mr. Markham angry. He appealed to the Speaker to rule them out of order, but the Speaker would not. They are hard, perhaps, but surely they are fair comment just now? Mr. Markham is an

earnest politician, but he sometimes sees his opponents' speeches in a black light—he sees them black as Markham enterprise and ability has made the town and gardens of Chesterfield.

Tuesday was a soothing day for the Government, and their journals show they were quick to recognise and be grateful for it. Mr. Chamberlain billed to Mr. George, and Mr. George cooed to Mr. Chamberlain. At an ordinary time this might be very well, but just now the less of these amenities perhaps the better. They serve to hearten the foe and dishearten the friend. Let us ingeminate peace, but let us ingeminate it with a sword. In 1905 the Radicals never ceased to attack Mr. Balfour and his Government and policy, and they succeeded at the election partly through this. We hope to see the Government during these Budget debates constantly thrust at in the head and in the heel. They are vulnerable in both.

Having robbed the national till of some millions of pounds—described by euphemists as suspending the Sinking Fund—the Government show a balance to the good on the 1909-1910 Budget of £2,900,000. A masterpiece in finance! And what will the Government do with this stolen surplus? They are either going to pay off debt with it or apply it to "other purposes". "Other purposes" may or may not mean bribing the electors to vote Radical by Mr. Churchill's corrupt scheme of "insurance". Is it strange that Consols droop or that shrewd men more and more incline to put their money into foreign securities?

Swearing they would never, never tax farm land, the Government have taxed it. To tax farm land is to put a tax on food—we thank Mr. Healy for that saying. Twist how they would, Mr. McKenna and Mr. Lloyd George—and Mr. George at any rate is the supplest of all twisters—could not wriggle away from the toils which Mr. Balfour and Lord Helmsley spread for them on Wednesday. Tax land—which is taxing the "Food of the People"—they are going to do by their increment clauses. Did not their own journal admit it on Tuesday? The lawyers, we are told, "have not yet seen their way to a form of words" which will absolutely protect the farmer "without opening the door to wholesale evasions of the duty". It seems to us the lawyers have at any rate "seen their way to a form of words" which will hit the owner of land, small or large.

The dawdling twenty-year-old affair of Sir Robert Anderson and his articles in the "Times" still wastes breath in Parliament. Mr. Churchill turned it, however, to some purpose on Wednesday: he drew Irish cheers by one of his replies at question time—and Irish cheers are Liberal party capital. But when Mr. Churchill was asked whether officials should write about their departments he altered his tone. He said each case "must be judged on its merits or demerits". Quite so. There was Mr. Churchill's own case, for example. He steamed to Uganda on a Government ship chartered on his behalf, and shot the rhinoceros and went after the lion. Uganda was in his Department. He wrote some articles about it, and they were "placed" in Newnes' "Strand Magazine". Later Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton published them in book form. We read and enjoyed the book. Here, obviously, is one of the cases that the Home Secretary would judge "on its merits".

But on Thursday Mr. Churchill did still better, not perhaps as Home Secretary—that is his subordinate business—but as party politician, party-capital maker. He contrived to shoot out a word or two, whilst Mr. Campbell was quietly discussing the question of the Special Commission and Sir Robert Anderson, which set the Nationalists afire. Mr. Emmott was defied, an attempt was made to scare Mr. Campbell out of his life, and—thanks largely to the Home Secretary—a free fight

was almost threatened. And Mr. Churchill is the supreme guardian in this country of law and order! He brings his high and solemn office into scorn and ridicule.

We have already said we think Civil Servants should not "write for the newspapers", and Mr. Balfour used this expression himself in his temperate speech on Thursday. Sir Robert Anderson was not discreet. But with a discourtesy rare, we hope, among Parliamentary leaders, Mr. Asquith, before condemning Sir Robert in the House, does not trouble to communicate with him and ask for explanation. This is a sad breach of the honourable tradition as to Ministers and the chiefs and ex-chiefs of great Departments of State. Evil communications with the Home Secretary seem to have corrupted the good manners of the Prime Minister in this matter.

The promotion of Mr. Dewar, the Scottish Solicitor-General, to the Bench of the Court of Session has followed very quickly that of Sir Samuel Evans, the former English Solicitor-General, to the Bench of the High Court. But Sir Samuel Evans had four years of office, whilst Mr. Dewar had a less lengthy strenuous period to go through, as he has arrived at the Bench in very little more than a year. A rather amusing mistake was made by an evening paper in commenting on the appointment. It remarked that Mr. Dewar would maintain the reputation of the First Division as the successor of Lord M'Laren. But Mr. Dewar will not take Lord M'Laren's place. The only Scottish judges who are appointed directly to either of the Appeal Divisions are the President and the Lord Justice Clerk. A Lord Advocate might get one of these great posts, but hardly the Solicitor-General. Mr. Dewar will begin as other judges do in the Outer House, as a simple Senator of the College of Justice in the rolling Scottish phraseology.

Mr. Hoare, the newly elected of Chelsea, made a striking and very sinister point in Wednesday's debate on boy labour and "Board-school" teaching. Nowhere for many years continuously has the education machine worked more untiringly than in London. Yet of the skilled labour of London two-thirds is done by men and women from the provinces; whilst seven out of every ten dock labourers and eighty or ninety per cent. of those who seek refuge in night shelters are London born and bred. What does this mean? Is it merely the fierce competition caused by the compelling attraction of London with its glitter of wages? Or does it prove some fatal weakness in the London schools?

A Crewe bye-election sounds about as unemotional a thing as could be. Yet we hear of copious tears at a Radical meeting when Mr. Maclaren's name was mentioned. "Tears ran unrestrained down the faces of strong men utterly unable to control their feelings." Surely sturdy Liberals of the North, Radical stalwarts, should be made of sterner stuff. The only election tears we had ever heard of before were "tears of overthrow", in Chapman's phrase. Weeping after the counting there has often been—there was a very mournful scene, we believe, when Mr. Morley bade farewell to Newcastle. But really we see no reason, unfortunately, why Mr. Maclaren's friends should cry now.

Lord Rosebery has invited the Unionists to drop Tariff Reform from their programme in the next election. If Lord Rosebery had been living in the Middle Ages, the doctrine of possession would come in here. Lord Rosebery's demon is the demon of mischief. He is out of the game himself and in pure devilry would upset the board. He cannot lack perception yet can hardly be merely malicious. But the fact is there. He has asked the "constitutional" party to put an end to itself so far as practical politics go. And Professor Dicey approves.

Do Lord Rosebery and Professor Dicey really imagine that their advice could be followed? The idea, of course, is that the moderate man of both parties will come to the poll in his thousands to save the House of Lords from extinction when once the contentious policy of Tariff Reform has been smuggled away. But the moderate man who cares about the House of Lords is with us in any case. The proposal to capture him twice over and to confuse and dispirit the Unionist Tariff Reformer would have come more reasonably from Mr. Lloyd George or Mr. Redmond. Many voters voted Unionist in the last election on Tariff Reform grounds solely. Lord Rosebery would brush these votes aside as unworthy. Lord Rosebery has happily thrown his pebble a little late. Few Unionist candidates would care to meet their constituents in the next election with tongues tied on the subject of Tariff Reform.

This idea was made known last Saturday, and it was on last Saturday that Mr. Balfour's letter as to the tax on colonial wheat was published. If it were possible to suspect a "Times" editor of irony, there would seem to be a case for it here. Mr. Balfour has decided this question at the right moment. There is skilled opinion on both sides; but Mr. Balfour has not hesitated to give a most unambiguous decision. Doubtless he is right in deciding to drop the shilling duty on colonial corn. The food-tax formula is thereby made more simple; and the dear-food argument will have lost much of its force. Above all it makes the imperial side of Tariff Reform perfectly clear.

Mr. Sydney Buxton has fallen foul of Mr. Henniker Heaton in a quarrel about penny postage. Mr. Heaton has established a prescriptive right to make himself a nuisance in the matter, and we should hardly have thought it worth Mr. Buxton's while to take him seriously to task. However, Mr. Buxton has given him the snub direct and asked him to be less of an impressionist in his facts and figures. Mr. Heaton's latest is to ask for penny postage to France at an impracticable moment. Flourishes about private guarantees apart, the cost of this enterprise would have to be borne by the taxpayers of this country, and Mr. Heaton would be wiser to leave it to the Postmaster-General and his department to run the business in their own way. A penny post to France would merely add to the burden of idle letters.

Mr. Deakin has resigned, the elections having gone against his Government for both the Senate and the House of Representatives. On Monday Mr. Fisher will probably once more find himself at the head of a Labour Ministry. What the upshot of the appeal may be to Australia from the domestic point of view is matter for keen speculation. The Labour party will be in power, not in office on sufferance. There are a good many interests in Australia already wondering what it all means. From the imperial point of view Mr. Deakin's supersession need not cause any special anxiety. Mr. Fisher is sound on the Navy, and he would welcome a preferential tariff, more particularly now that Tariff Reformers have dropped the idea of any duty on colonial corn.

Sir George Reid looks to the day when there will be only "the imperial armies and the imperial fleet". It may be a very poor imperial fleet if the Radicals in the Cabinet continue to rule. True, Mr. McKenna got the ships he asked for the other day. But it may interest people to know the ships were only granted because two of Mr. McKenna's friends in the inner Cabinet absolutely insisted. It does not matter who the two were—they stood firm against the Little Englanders in the Cabinet.

The separatist nature of the Canadian naval proposals was strongly insisted on by Mr. Borden in Wednesday's

discussion at Ottawa. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was supported by a majority of forty-one, but the Opposition speakers made it quite clear that the scheme for a semi-independent flotilla is disapproved by the real Imperialists of Canada. What the Government propose is that the Canadian gunboats shall not be available in any war in which Great Britain is engaged until their employment has been sanctioned by the Governor in Council. Mr. Borden wants them to be instantly available in any and every emergency. The position taken up by Sir Wilfrid Laurier is hopeless even from the Canadian point of view. Does he imagine that if Great Britain were at war with the United States tomorrow, an American admiral would wait to ascertain whether or not Canada intended to take a hand in it? The foreigner would assume what every Briton must assume, that England's war was Canada's war.

One can understand someone in the Canadian House of Commons wanting to know why Lord Kitchener had turned aside homeward from the United States without entering Canada. It seems very unfortunate that he was not able to do this. Why not, it would be imperative to inquire. At least we are glad that Sir Wilfrid Laurier could say that there was no official reason why Lord Kitchener should not visit Canada. Canadian chagrin at having so great a figure in the Empire at their doors but not inside them must be great. They naturally feel, Why should the Yankees have the preference? One would also have been glad if Lord Kitchener could have come back by the British route.

The first session of the new Imperial Council of India has been something of a surprise. The unofficial Indian members have been moderate in conduct and language; and the attempt of a Bengali extremist to raise the Partition grievance fell flat. Indians from Bombay and Madras are beginning to see that Bengal is under-taxed and over-fed at the expense of the rest of India. Politics, in fact, made little stir, economic and financial problems engrossing the Council's attention. There was a firm but decorous protest against the settlement at Westminster of fiscal questions affecting the Indian revenues and their manipulation there to suit political needs in disregard of Indian interests and opinions. All through the proceedings were harmonious, and the English official members developed an unexpected capacity for parliamentary interpellation and debate.

Changsha is China of the Chinese—perhaps one should say for the Chinese. A riot once under way, it was bound to take an anti-foreign turn. The real cause of the outbreak last week was a rice famine—the spectacle of a paternal Government exporting food dearly wanted by the people. Happily there has been no bloodshed. Several missions were destroyed, some foreign buildings were burned down and the Government bank was sacked. China must be brought to a better mood as to the lives and property of the foreign subjects under her protection. She is always ready to give assurances; but we want something more tangible.

When the people from the North came South upon the Pilgrimage of Grace, they had an idea that the Ministers of Henry VIII. were going to tax christenings and burials. The hillmen of Albania to-day have grievances that rest as little as did these upon cold fact. They are in rebellion against taxes upon beards, eggs, and moustaches. This means something when it comes to calculating the chances of Turkey in carrying through her idea of welding the Ottoman dependencies into an empire. The hillmen of Albania are not only opposed in aims and sympathies to the Government at Constantinople: they are out of all touch. The local patriot who can bring up a contingent to save the beards of his fellow-tribesmen is in a strong position. Young Turkey is at her wits' end to see how this local feeling is to be allowed for in an imperial scheme. One thing is

certain—court-martial and registration of the people for purposes of revenue and conscription is not the way out.

The people of Villeneuve-le-Roi—some of them go to Paris every day on business—want a railway station. Many letters have been written to the Orléans Company about it, but the station is still to seek. Last Sunday they contrived a demonstration. Led by their deputy they waved a red flag and stopped the Southern Express. The guard came forward and the deputy handed him a petition: We want a station at Villeneuve-le-Roi. The guard did not pay as much attention as he might. He remembered that the Limoges express was due to run into his train in a few minutes. The deputy should have arranged things a little better. The time-table might have shown him that his enterprise was inopportune.

The "Millennium" has missed. The Army Council has forbidden the singing of an Ode to Peace in the Royal Naval and Military Tournament, and the honorary secretary has resigned. He clings loyally to the idea that has possessed him. He will neither be laughed nor bullied out of it. The ruin of his conception he lays to the door of "one Charles Strachey", who made public mock of it in a letter to the "Times". He hopes that Mr. Strachey, as a War Office official, will "cease to suggest such acts of insubordination as are to be found in his vulgar and improper recommendation for soldiers to put their tongues in their cheeks". We should be sorry to find the soldiers' tongues anywhere else in the circumstances. The honorary secretary goes on to defend the verses which were to be sung in the "Millennium". Devotion could scarce go further than this; but we cannot be sorry that it has been in vain.

Lord Northcliffe's courage is magnificent. Undaunted by the failure of his "Mirror" as a ladies' daily, he now starts a ladies' supplement to the "Times". What would Delane have thought of the Thunderer tuning its tone to the serenade? A "Times" supplement on gowns and dreams and creations! Well, it will be a good medium no doubt for Selfridge's, and so will serve its end. But one rather shrinks even now from a fashion supplement to the "Times". "Men are we" after all. Women have their "Queen" and "Gentlewoman"; and if these are not feminine enough, there is "Votes for Women", which, we believe, is exclusively womanish, written by women, edited by a woman, and is it not even set up by women? There is no offence in this, for no man need buy the paper. But it is hard that a man should have to take Myra's Journal with his "Times", which has hitherto been a paper for men and intelligent women.

The word to fit Mark Twain is not easily found. To say of him that he was a humourist is to pervert language. Comic—at times irresistibly so—perhaps; but not humorous. The comic mood is nowhere near to humour. His best work is a mere overflow of mental good spirits; and, unless the reader be equally full-bodied, he may find himself depressed from sheer reaction. He was first among the funny men of America—a country which can never become seriously minded or reflective enough to produce a humourist. His spirit and tone were very near to those of our own comic press. This is not the time for humour. People want to be amused boisterously, and pay their funny men to that end, just as the mediæval baron paid his fool.

Mark Twain was the best of them all. The secret of his success was this: to please his fellows he had simply to be himself—to give himself the rein. His vein was the vein of Elizabethan farce. However crude the absurdity it went down with his readers, because it was forced down. Literally he made his readers laugh. That is why he bored so many of them. With his faults he had the supreme excuse that condones many of the artistic blemishes in Shakespeare's early farces—he was vital.

## THE BUDGET BARGAIN.

WE all remember that the Bourgeois Gentilhomme was delighted when he found that he had not been selling silk to his noble acquaintances, but only giving it to them "for a consideration". The Prime Minister is very touchy about the word "bargain", and persists in denying that the support of the Irish Nationalists on the Budget has been bought by his promise to advise the King to create five hundred peers to carry the veto resolutions or the Bill founded on them. This topic has been run to death by the newspapers, and we will not pursue it farther. Bargain or, to adopt Mr. Balfour's word, "quasi-bargain", two facts remain: that the Prime Minister has announced his intention of advising the Sovereign to create peers; and that a Budget is now being rapidly "rammed" through the House of Commons, to which a majority of the people's representatives, not from the polls, are opposed. Truly a remarkable result of democratic government! Mr. Balfour declared that the introduction of the Sovereign into party politics was a more serious matter than any Budget, and we think he is right. Speaking of the Prime Minister's avowed intention he said "these are questions which touch the very foundations of our constitution and of our society". This is not the exaggeration of a partisan, but the sober warning of a statesman. Let us consider what the position will be in a few weeks. The House of Lords will certainly reject the veto resolutions when they are moved by Lord Crewe. Whether the Bill founded on those resolutions will have passed the House of Commons nobody knows—probably it will not have passed. But upon the rejection of the resolutions by the House of Lords Mr. Asquith will advise the King to create five or six hundred peers to procure their carriage. What is the Sovereign to do? If he accepts his Minister's advice he will destroy the Constitution, and destroy it in a manner that will expose us to the ridicule of the world. If the King refuses to create five hundred peers, the Prime Minister will probably tender his resignation and advise his Majesty to send for Mr. Balfour, who will as probably decline to form a Government. In any event a General Election will follow immediately, in which the main issue will be, Was the King right in refusing his Minister's advice to create five hundred peers? Even if the King should accede to Mr. Asquith's request to "inject five hundred sweeps" into the Upper House, and the Veto Bill be consequently carried, a General Election would shortly follow, because Mr. Redmond would force the Government to bring in a Home Rule Bill. And we do not think that even this Government, with a packed House of Lords, or sweeps, would dare to carry a Home Rule Bill without an election. So that whatever happens, and whatever course the King may take, we have the prospect of our ancient monarchy being dragged through the dirt of a General Election. If the Sovereign declines to be the instrument of a revolution to please Mr. Redmond, we may be pretty sure that Irish and British Jacobins will not spare the institution of monarchy, or even the personality of our Sovereign. If the King should do what is asked of him the Unionists are loyal, but their loyalty will be most unfairly strained. We shudder at the bare anticipation of a General Election fought round the Throne. It is impossible that Mr. Asquith can like the course which he has been forced to take. That is one of the peculiarities of the present deplorable position, that everyone is compelled to a course which he detests. The Irish Nationalists swallow a Budget which they loathe, and the Government is forced by Mr. Redmond "into a position which no British Ministry has ever occupied before, and which I hope", said Mr. Balfour, "no British Ministry will ever occupy again". And this is a Ministry whose leading members (at least in point of age) are Mr. Asquith, Lord Loreburn, Mr. Haldane and Sir Edward Grey. Apparently therefore neither training, nor antecedents, nor character is the slightest guarantee of stability in our modern statesmen. It is the old story of the Mountain and the Girondists.

On Tuesday we were treated to the extraordinary spectacle of the Chancellor of the Exchequer making a sort of second Budget speech in Committee of Ways and Means on the Budget of 1909-10. We agree that the statement and the national balance sheet are wonderful and admirable, and that no other country in the world would have shown similar results in similar circumstances. In France, or Italy, or Spain the rejection of the Budget would almost certainly have been followed by a panic on the Bourse and by a refusal to pay taxes. But Englishmen are not "built that way". The plain phlegmatic men who take tea from the river and sell it in Mincing Lane have paid their tea duty as if the Budget had passed, well knowing that they were under no legal obligation to do so; a great deal of income tax has been deducted by the secretaries of joint-stock companies; the spirit duties have been paid, not cheerfully we admit—that were expecting too much of human nature—but still they have been paid. The conclusion of the whole matter is that when the income tax and inhabited house duty are got in, as they will be in a few weeks, the revenue for 1909-10 will exceed the expenditure by £2,900,000. We cannot, however, see that any credit is due to Mr. Lloyd George or even the Treasury officials. The result is due to the law-abiding and common-sense conduct of the taxpayers, and to the accumulations of that small class which is able to save. There is no denying that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has the proverbial luck of his Satanic Majesty. For the £2,800,000 which he has lost on the estimated revenue from spirits has almost exactly been made up by the increased yield from the death duties, stamps, and the Post Office. Whether the decline in the revenue from spirits is due to more temperate habits or to poverty, that is to say inability to pay the increased penny or halfpenny for a dram, is one of those points that can never be settled—probably both factors contributed to the result. The apparent surplus of £2,900,000 has, of course, been produced by reducing the sinking fund, and is no indication of prosperity. The active service of the National Debt, i.e. payment of interest and cost of management, is about £18,000,000 a year: the sum appropriated to the service of the debt is anything which Parliament may vote, but for some years past it has been £28,000,000. The difference between this sum and the actual interest and cost of management is the sinking fund or sum spent in paying off debt. Obviously by taking three or four or five millions from the amount devoted to the redemption of Consols and adding them to your revenue you can produce an apparent surplus. But surplus produced by this method is nothing to crow about, for the veriest spendthrift can increase his income by suspending the payment of his debts. Mr. Austen Chamberlain clearly and wisely reminded the nation that, although the death duties had come to the rescue of the Chancellor of the Exchequer this year, they would probably be an untrustworthy source of revenue. The plain truth is that the property-owning class has not yet had time to take its measures. Between their uncertainty as to the passing of the Budget and their wish that it would not pass, death came upon them—"obrepit non intellecta senectus". But now that the Budget is assured, those who have anything to leave will take counsel with their lawyer. This is what Burke meant when he said "Taxation is not revenue". Nothing can be more foolish than for a Finance Minister to quarrel with the monied class. A moderate tax, which is recognised as fair, will yield twice as much as one twice as high which is regarded as unjust and oppressive. Death duties on a moderate scale are a species of deferred income tax; death duties on the scale of the present Budget are slices of capital cut off annually and spent as income. Nations which live on their capital are bound, like individuals, to come to grief. But what does "the democracy" know of these things? or what does it care? The mere figures are quite incomprehensible to the majority of the electors. The British working man would not knock down the bank director or the squire and take his watch and purse, for he is a good-natured, well-meaning animal. But he

will vote enthusiastically for Budgets which are designed to tax the squire out of existence, not knowing what he is doing.

#### TARIFF REFORM NAILED FAST.

FOR several months Lord Rosebery has contrived to do well. His lead in the policy to reform the House of Lords was, at any rate, intelligible; and his attack on the Government magnificent. Once again we were beginning to forget the curious twist of mind which has never allowed him to do a tolerable good thing without spoiling it. Almost we had forgotten his perverted counsel to the Lords to pass the Budget that the people might find it hateful. But Lord Rosebery can never allow anybody to believe in him for long. He must preen himself on his Olympian pose. Aloof from party politics, he must take the nobler view, and from time to time strike the balance this way or that for the people's good. But, unhappily, Lord Rosebery's counsel seldom has much connexion with doing anything. At present he is profoundly moved by the spectacle of a revolution which aims at giving his country's future into the control of a single chamber. At all costs he would save us from that. At the same time he sees that the people of this country are interested in other matters—for instance, in Tariff Reform. He would have the constitutional issue fought upon an epic plane. He asks for "a clear and solemn pronouncement of the nation on this fateful question". The "mixed and dubious verdict... given by an electorate imperfectly instructed and with a distracted attention" will not do. In the name of noble simplicity he would quash every issue but the constitutional. Therefore he makes an appeal in a letter to the "Times"—an appeal to Unionist Tariff Reformers to lay aside Tariff Reform at the next election:—To put patriotism before party.

Does Lord Rosebery indeed think that the question of Tariff Reform may confuse the constitutional issue to the undoing of the House of Lords—that the Lords will have a better chance in a clear field? And if Tariff Reformers put aside their programme for the next election, they will be able to take it up again afterwards exactly where they left it? How simple! Whatever a man may think as to the merits of Tariff Reform, one thing was made quite clear during the last election—it was the question above all others that interested the public. It was the great weapon of offence in the hands of the constitutional party—the party which Lord Rosebery is anxious to see win next time. Without Tariff Reform Unionists would have been compelled to stand mainly on the defensive, and in a General Election, as in war, the merely defensive is no defence. If Unionists dropped Tariff Reform in the next election they would stand to lose many of the seats they won last time, and they could gain nothing whatever in return. Lancashire will not be won for the House of Lords till it is won for Tariff Reform. Manchester will not vote Unionist till it has abandoned Free Trade. The truth is that the Unionist Free Trader, whom Lord Rosebery is out to catch for the constitutional party, is rare. The Unionist Free Trade party has an air of importance because it is led by a few brilliant men who count in politics and give their party distinction. But there are but a handful of them. Lord Rosebery, with Lord Hugh Cecil and Mr. Arthur Elliot, with Lord Balfour of Burleigh and Lord Cromer in mind, may perhaps be forgiven for overrating its importance. Less intelligible is his belief that Tariff Reform could be shelved for one election and brought to life again in another. To abandon it once would be to abandon it altogether. For many years the movement has gained momentum. This momentum is to be destroyed by pulling up short in mid-career. It is a full sea now with Tariff Reform—thanks to the way in which the Unionist party has been pulled together and rallied to this policy throughout the country—and if the tide be neglected, Unionism may look to spend many years to come in Opposition. We should remember that Lord Rosebery is a Free Trader

by conviction, and would not grieve to see Tariff Reform permanently go under. He is an honourable man, but he is human. Then, suppose that Mr. Balfour gave the word and the Central Office issued instructions—No candidate to mention Tariff Reform in the next election. Would party discipline stand the strain? It is strange in Lord Rosebery, of all men, to believe that it would. Imagine a candidate faced with constituents clamouring for him to speak on a subject *ex hypothesi* banned. Imagine his case when the time came for questions—especially in a strong Free Trade constituency. Nothing could keep Tariff Reform out of the next election, no matter how much we might wish to do so.

As if to point the untimeliness of this Olympian counsel there was in the issue of the "Times" containing it a letter from Mr. Balfour on the subject of the tax on colonial wheat. While Lord Rosebery was drafting his invitation to Unionists to drop Tariff Reform Mr. Balfour was setting out to define and simplify the tariff issue. It is said of Mr. Balfour ad nauseam that he is incapable of taking a straight line. Mr. Balfour will not be hurried into a decision, but his declarations of policy when they come are definite and seasonable. In this instance he has chosen his time and taken his own way. The question whether or not colonial corn should come in free of duty has for some time been an open one. We can quite see the point of view of those who think that a shilling duty on colonial corn is in the circumstances defensible. The colonial farmer would have been content—he has never questioned the right of Great Britain to protect her own producers or asked for anything but a preference as against the foreigner—and the British farmer would have looked to derive direct benefit from the duty. At the same time we think that Mr. Balfour has chosen the better way. The preference given to the colonial will be more unequivocal and will merit a bigger return. The way is now clear for free trade in food within the Empire, which will be the chief guarantee in days to come of abundant supply. Neither do we fear this decision to admit colonial corn free of duty rousing ill-feeling among farmers in this country. The British farmer is not the fool he is taken to be by many of the Free Trade writers. He knows that Tariff Reform sets out to stimulate colonial production by discouraging foreign imports. He may look to derive a direct benefit from the duty on foreign corn in the short period during which the colonies are not yet able to supply all that we require. But that is only a temporary benefit. The time will come when the colonial supply will be able to meet the demand made upon it in the home markets. The British farmer will gain by the indirect benefits which will come to him from the tariff. Prosperity will be greater all round, and this prosperity will set up an increasing demand for the farmer's produce. From an electioneering point of view Unionists in agricultural constituencies need not worry about Mr. Balfour's declaration. In the towns they have everything to gain. This is a real blow at the dear-food orator. The food-tax statement is now a simple one. Opponents can no longer point to ambiguity or indecision to give colour to a contention that the food taxes when they come may grow from whips into scorpions. There is the one fixed duty on the foreigner—simple and certain. The whole imperial food supply is to be drawn into the home market free of duty. It should be difficult to make this prospect at all terrifying to the elector. Those who in the last election raised the cry of dear food will not be in such good voice in the election to come. It is characteristic of Lord Rosebery that he should come forward with his invitation to drop Tariff Reform just as Mr. Balfour's declaration has made it simpler and more practicable.

#### THE FRENCH GENERAL ELECTION.

THE Legislature of 1906 has now come to an end, and the electors of France will be called upon to elect its successor on Sunday next. M. Brisson, the President of the Chamber, has pronounced its funeral

oration and has talked as Presidents usually do on these occasions. "He has congratulated it upon the great work which it has accomplished." "It had done much," he said, "to develop the prosperity of the country; it had given local self-government to ports and harbours; it had reorganised the Army and Navy, and had voted the two principles of an income tax and of old-age pensions." Such was the sum-total of his panegyric, which when carefully examined shows that the Chamber has attempted much but has in reality accomplished little or nothing. True, it has adopted the principle of an income tax; but the sum-total of the proposal is incoherent and unworkable, and patriotic Frenchmen trust that the Senate will sit upon it for many years to come. No fair-minded man will deny that in theory an income tax properly applied is the most just method of raising revenue, but when that income tax is progressive and aggregated, when the partiality of the collectors of Inland Revenue is checked only by their own discretion, when there is no appeal to an impartial tribunal, its power for mischief is great. Again, it is all very well to argue, as M. Brisson does, that the Old Age Pensions Act gives £6,000,000 to the working classes and holds out hopes of more, but for the moment it does not give them a farthing, for the necessary resources have not yet been tapped, and it therefore can only lead to gross disappointment amongst those who still expect some return. The proposal is being denounced by moderates and Socialists alike as dishonest and inadequate. As a matter of fact, the late Chamber has really accomplished nothing, has passed no genuine reform worthy of the name. It has not touched the urgent question of judicial reform. Nothing has been done to modify the administration of the country, which is absolutely out of date. After deciding that it was imperative to regulate the status of Government officials, it has forgotten to deal with the subject. It has done nothing to meet the requirements of the trades unions. Although it has adopted the principles of proportional representation and of electoral purity, it has left both these urgent matters to its successors. On the other hand, it has by increasing the number of Government officials far beyond the requirements of the country added many millions to the annual expenditure. It has squandered the resources of France so recklessly as to add £8,000,000 to the annual deficit; and, finally, it has so pursued its campaign against religious liberty as to spread irreligion throughout the land.

M. Briand has now laid down his policy for the future. We have not the slightest doubt that his intentions are good and that he would gladly emancipate himself from the tyranny of an awkward past. He has declared himself once more the advocate of religious toleration and of patriotic unity. He has condemned sectarianism and exclusiveness, and has even induced his audience, largely recruited from Socialist working men, to applaud the great principle of liberty of conscience. We admit that it is something new for a French Republican to appeal to justice as the foundation of the Republic. When M. Briand proclaims that "the Republic is not the property of any sect and that it does not belong to any category of individuals who have the right to use it to their own exclusive benefit" he is not indulging in a commonplace; he is condemning not only his predecessors but his own political past. In talking of the separation of Church and State, he adds: "This grave problem has been solved, this conquest is final, no human power can compromise it, and this is the test to which I call your attention at the moment of the electoral struggle. They ask us: How are we to recognise the true Republican? By what distinctive sign can we distinguish him from other citizens from a political point of view? The true Republican is the man who whilst desiring fresh progress does not turn his back on the work of secularisation which has been accomplished during the last ten years—the man who upholds this work and who intends to defend and maintain it." These words may be necessary to conciliate French unbelievers, but they emphasise the great vice in M. Briand's system. He is bound to rely upon these

forces if he is to return to power. It may or may not be necessary to use Ministerial pressure in the future to secure a majority. The religious elements may have been so crushed that there is little or no danger of their reasserting their existence. Still a Government can hardly hope to be strong and powerful, to rely upon the support of the stable elements in the community, if it declares that there is to be no return on that policy of robbery and spoliation by which the separation of Church and State has been accomplished—no reparation for that violation of the Concordat by which the national honour of France has been violated and a solemn agreement between Church and State broken.

We fully admit that M. Briand's position is one of the greatest difficulty. He feels that the Republic has gone far enough, and he would willingly call "Halt!" now that he has assumed responsibility for the government of the country. He has learnt wisdom by experience, and would gladly enjoy in peace and quiet the sweets of office. We recognise also that M. Briand is not violently hostile to religion. Were he a strong man, a Napoleon, he would gladly enter into some sort of compact with the Church by which the State could batten on its ill-gotten gains; but the question is, Will the men who are behind him, who represent the active elements of the "bloc", allow him to carry out his policy? He goes to the country with a programme. He recognises that the "scrutin d'arrondissement", the system of single-member constituencies, has sapped the independence of Parliament. Deputies can only hold their seats by securing favours from the Government for their constituencies and appointments for individuals. The Government naturally asks for some return for the promise of their support not only in crucial divisions but on every occasion. Great questions of policy must therefore disappear in petty details of bargain and sale, and Government officials are created in reckless profusion with the object of enabling these transactions to be carried out. In this way electoral corruption envelops the whole country in one vast net, and the public expenditure advances by leaps and bounds. To remedy this state of affairs the constituencies must be so enlarged as to destroy the local pressure exercised by this form of political corruption in small constituencies. M. Briand would gladly go outside the Department and enlarge the constituencies even beyond the limits contemplated by the supporters of the "scrutin de liste". His intentions may be good, but the question is whether the result might not prove too cumbersome and thus defeat its own ends. To the supporters of the "scrutin de liste" his policy is vitiated by his rejection of proportional representation, by which minorities hope to secure a greater share in the government of the country. We confess that, much as we may desire an ideal system of representation, we are somewhat sceptical as to this reform doing all that its advocates expect; but things are so bad as they are in France that any change is an improvement. The question is whether M. Briand may not by his advocacy of a policy distinct from the one put forward by the supporters of the "scrutin de liste" divide those who advocate this programme. M. Briand has also declared his condemnation of all Ministerial pressure, and we give him full credit for the honesty of his intentions; but M. Combes is still a power in the land, and his préfets will not obey the Prime Minister. They have found their methods extremely efficacious in the past, and will hardly drop so useful a weapon without considerable resistance. As M. Tillaye told M. Briand, "They are not obeying your instructions", and this has proved true in many cases. Thus M. Briand has declared that a préfet must on no account show a candidate round nor invest his candidature in any shape or form with an official character. This does not seem to have produced much effect in many departments. Whilst M. Briand was speaking the conseils de revision were being carried out, and this gave the préfets an admirable opportunity of showing themselves in the chief towns of each canton with the candidates they were supporting. In the Basses-Pyrénées the préfet, M. Coggia, and the sous-préfet of Bayonne, M. Cho-

carne, attended a meeting of the Republican Committee, where by the merest chance they met their candidate and expressed their full sympathy with his candidature. The fact is that M. Briand cannot effect a revolution by making a speech. He may, except in the south, succeed in putting an end to overt scandals; but there are so many ways of helping a candidature indirectly, and this has been done again and again. Appointments have been given to the friends and supporters of a ministerial candidate, and many instances may be quoted where such appointments have been made by M. Briand's own colleagues on the eve of the elections. In the face of these patent facts it is absolutely useless to pretend that there is more than an apparent change in the conduct of parliamentary elections. The people of France have been so well drilled by the whole machinery of prefectural government that it needs far more than M. Briand's speeches to convince them that the policy of ministerial pressure has been in any way modified on this occasion. One thing is, however, certain, and that is that the South of France will retain its proud predominance as the home of electoral fraud. Packed registers whose bogus voters find many able representatives in the outlying villages, packed ballot-boxes with or without false bottoms have always been a factor in the South of France. Anyone who has been in the Gard, the Aube, the Bouches-du-Rhône, the Var or elsewhere knows to what extent these illegal practices prevail, and against them there is no redress. In the first instance an appeal can, it is true, be made to the Procureur de la République, but as he is a Government official he usually finds that where the evidence is absolutely conclusive against the Government candidate the case is so trivial as to be unworthy of his attention. It is needless to say that an appeal to the Chamber which tries election petitions is worse than unless, for its verdict is the verdict of the majority, and is inspired solely by political considerations. In fact, wherever we look we cannot hope for much change in the constitution of the new Chamber. Many people, however, foresee a great danger in M. Briand's proposal to extend the life of the Chamber from four to nine years, renewing one-third of its membership every three years. True, this will close the avenue to power for the Socialist party, but on the other hand it will consolidate the influence of the Radical majority and give it the monopoly of power for many years to come. It may be that such is not M. Briand's policy; but should the Radical element prevail at this election that is a danger that will have to be met. We are therefore face to face with a struggle between a feeble Government and a still weaker Opposition. The spirit has been knocked out of the supporters of the Church by the futility of their past efforts. Ministerialists, on the other hand, are fattening on the fruits of their spoliation, and only wish to enjoy them in peace. Some political meteorologists anticipate a small accession to the Right and a large increase in the forces of Socialism at the expense of the Radical and Radical-Socialist party; whilst others simply argue that France is on an inclined plane, and that the extreme Radical and Socialist parties must prevail. We shall know within the next few days which of these forecasts is right and which is wrong. Whatever happens, the new majority will hardly be a stable one. As for M. Briand himself, we can only judge of his future by his past. We admit that he would prefer that the moderate parties should win the day, and, if so, he will certainly do his best to carry out a policy of peace based upon forgetfulness of the past; but M. Briand is an opportunist, and we incline to think that if the extreme Radical elements prevail he will do his best to meet their wishes or succumb in the attempt.

#### A NATIONAL CONFESSION.

WEDNESDAY'S brief debate and the Report of the Board of Education are hopeful; about the most hopeful sign in the educational way we have seen for a long time. They are both a recognition of failure.

So at last we have an official admission and a parliamentary admission, joined in by both parties, that compulsory education has not proved a brilliant success. Shade of Mundella and the glorious days of payment by results, of special subjects, class subjects; of triumphant statistics of school-places and Queen's Scholarships! Then when all was bad all was rosy. Everyone who touched education was optimistic. Only in private, when inspector met inspector alone, or M.P. met M.P. in a by-way, did anyone dare whisper that the machine might be working beautifully but nothing was done. But now that we have changed that, now that we have a dim notion that the child does count for something as well as the Code which made him a cipher in a row of figures and the teacher an "article 68" or a parchment; now that we have grasped the great idea that a teacher ought to teach and not to "earn grants"; now that we have discovered that a number of "passes" from the elementary school through "centre" to training college, back to the elementary school, do not make a teacher; now that we are really beginning to think, we have begun to doubt. A man might say in the House of Commons that compulsory education had proved a disastrous failure without being stoned. He might say it, we believe, in the offices of the Board of Education without being kicked out as a reactionary fool. Harken to the prophets: "Our system of elementary education has not only made slow progress, but for the most part it is kept in a narrow groove". This is Mr. Whitehouse, a Scotch Radical. Then Mr. Trevelyan: "There was an impression that in the last few years the number of scholars in technical and continuation schools had greatly increased." It was true that the attendance had greatly increased, but, unfortunately, they found that the younger the age the less had been the increase; in fact, in the earlier stages of all, up to fifteen, there had not been an increase, but an actual decrease". Mr. Butcher to the same effect: "The majority of those who attend continuation schools went back to begin over again what they had already done, to try to recover lost ground, to learn things that were half forgotten. A system which could lead to such results was economically unsound and educationally ruinous". Then a Labour member, Mr. Roberts: "Hon. members on both sides of the House are agreed that the present educational system is unsatisfactory and that its reform is urgently needed". In favour of the present system spoke not a soul. The Board of Education Report (1908-9) frankly admits the comparatively little which administrative machinery can do in education, and insists on the difficulty "for those who are deeply immersed in the work of educational administration to form an entirely dispassionate and impartial estimate of the advantages and disadvantages of the particular system of public local control of elementary education which was instituted by the Act of 1902". This is a great step forward. The official begins to know himself. He begins to see that those who are working the machine are not in the best position to see how it is going and whether it is doing what it was meant to do. "There may be a tendency", in the words of the L.C.C. Education Officer, "to find satisfaction in the smoothly running machine and to seek no achievement beyond. In the matter of the provision of education nothing could be more unfortunate." "It will be well to consider now the real child with his stock of ideas; the real teacher with his degree of culture and sympathy." Yes, it would be very well at last to "consider the real child"; to have a little reality in British elementary education. At last there does seem to be just a possibility of getting some. What has happened is this: The introduction of the block grant, the freedom from payment by results, and the educational unity brought about by the Act of 1902 (we are not speaking of the religious question), have enabled all those engaged in education to see where they are, and they see they are not where they ought to be. They begin to see what most men and women who have practically to do with those whom the elementary schools turn out have seen long since. Hence at last there is some hope. Let us as a nation fairly confess that what we

have gained so far by forty years of compulsory education is the discovery that we must scrap nearly all we have done. The Board of Education's Report this year is mainly occupied in reciting (almost with a sneer) educational methods and devices which have been scrapped to the great advantage of all during the last ten years—especially in the selection and training of teachers, which is everything; nothing else matters. Get the right teachers and everything else will come right. It is humiliating—it is no doubt lamentable; but it is plain truth that the bulk of "Board-school children" when they become working men and women are not more intelligent and are hardly better informed than their primitively schooled or not schooled forbears. They have no more power of thought and apparently try even less to think. They are less well mannered. Mr. Blair, the London Education Officer, says "the general behaviour of our London children has greatly improved as regards their out-of-door life". Well, we can all judge of that as well as an Education Officer. If Mr. Blair means there is less brutality, less violence, less blackguardliness than of old, we agree. Social legislation—housing, health, thrift—trade unions, and stricter administration, together with religious and social voluntary work, have largely reduced what we may term the brutal element. But when it comes to manners, the London children out of school, and especially for two or three years after they leave school, are not well behaved. The significant thing is that these children may be excellent "scholars", but for that have no better manners. It is the same in the villages. In the days of the dame's school, who had never heard of a Code or a "centre", the children's manners were better. Maybe that then nobody was educated, and now everybody is half educated; and if that is so, our last state is certainly worse than our first. Of course, the Progressive will say this is our Tory prejudice which is offended because we are not capped as we used to be. But see if these children and hobbledchoys are respectful to their parents; they at any rate are not Tory tyrants. One really does wonder, reading these reports and noting the great amount of thought and intelligent care that has been given to elementary education, at any rate of late, why it is that the system begun in 1870 has been so far so great a failure. But the first thing, at any rate, is to recognise that it is.

What shall we do, then? Give up? God forbid. We must, instead, begin to go on. We must begin to educate. Either we must give up or look things in the face and do the job thoroughly. After all, the last forty years may not have been entire loss though they have been devoted to mistakes. Science advances only by the making of false hypotheses. No doubt it is unfortunate for the generation so used up. But you cannot win battles without losing men. The ground has been partly cleared. It was well to prevent the forcing of children by getting rid of the grant stimulus to turn "infants" into boys or girls. It was very right to enable intending teachers to remain continuously at a secondary school up to training college time. These reforms are easy. It will be easy to get rid of pupil teachers and student teachers altogether; it will be easy to raise the school age; easy to make attendance at continuation classes compulsory. All this we can do, and shall do; but will it have the effect looked for? Will it result in better, more capable men and women? The cocksure attitude has now become ridiculous; it may strut on a few Progressive platforms, but nowhere else. We all see that the thing needful is something outside method or system. It is the right person. Can we expect to get much out of elementary education, even under the reasonable free conditions of to-day, with the type of teacher we now have? Can any half-educated man or woman be a teacher? Can anyone teach manners who has not manners to teach? Can he learn who knows nothing well and thinks he knows most things? The average elementary school teacher is hopelessly unequal to his work—not the work of the machine: he can do that sickly enough—but to the work of education. Of course it is only our original sin that we see defects in a

Board-school mistress (she certainly has fewer) or master. No politician ever will (in public), nor any inspector. It is a sad case; the little soul will go on thinking himself at least as big a man to the world as he is to his scholars. We know the virtues of these excellent people, whose excellence is so maddening; but they are usually not the virtues needed to train with effect the mind of a child.

#### THE CITY.

**T**OM, Dick and Harry have had reason during the last few days to regret their incursion into the City. They have discovered that the making of money is still something of a science, and that it is not given to every fool to acquire the necessary knowledge. Every "boom" has its seamy side, and the sharp relapse this week in rubber shares has probably crippled hundreds of small speculators. It was inevitable and very desirable that something of the sort should happen. The Stock Exchange is not a philanthropic institution, and when it sees the "tag-rag and bob-tail" of the public trying to snatch money on the "heads I win, tails you lose" principle, it cannot be blamed if it promptly puts a stop upon the proceedings. The hundreds who bought shares they could not pay for in the hope that they would be able to sell at a profit before settling day came, now find that the opportunity has passed. The Stock Exchange refuses to take the shares back except at a loss to the sellers. Numbers have accepted the sacrifice; others are probably hanging on until the last minute in the hope of minimising their losses. No quarter is likely to be shown the hangers-on if when "making up" day comes round they attempt to carry over their shares until the following account.

It has been the boast of the Stock Exchange that the rubber share market has been built up on real investment business, and it is desired to keep it clear from speculation. To do so entirely is, of course, impossible, but much can be done by gentle pressure, and brokers have never hesitated to express their disinclination to carry over shares for clients. We calculate that the shake-out of the last few days has so reduced the speculative account as to restore the market to something like its old position, and we shall not be surprised if when the settlement is over prices of the leading shares return to their previous high levels. Values were not altogether sentimental, they were calculated upon a solid basis, and only the unforeseen could disturb them. Not so, however, with the shares of some of the newer promotions. The value placed upon these was entirely sentimental, and now that the public is returning to its senses they will probably never get within a hundred per cent. of their fictitious quotations of a fortnight ago. A rude awakening to the dangers lurking in investments in new rubber shares has been brought about by the threatened complication between foreign holders of land in Java and the Government of that country; the matter has been put right, and the postponement of the allotment of the Anglo-Dutch Plantation shares was only precautionary. The trouble shows the necessity of a closer study of titles of tenure. A still more disturbing element is opened up by the cryptic telegrams from the manager of the recently formed Christineville Company, which suggest that estimates in prospectuses are always subject to modification, and that frequently when the adjustment takes place it is not in favour of the shareholders.

All the markets have been hanging on rubber, and particularly that for oil shares, speculative purchasers of which have had a worse time even than rubber buyers. We do not lose sight of the fact that immense territories are only waiting to be discovered to add enormously to the output of oil, but we fail to see how many of the recent promotions are going successfully to assist in the development of the industry. They lack technical advisers of repute, and the directors in some cases have no more knowledge of oil than they have of aerial navigation. Many of the new companies designate themselves merely "finance" companies. This means that the capital may be used in any manner or form which inexperienced or unscrupulous directors

may choose. They are free to fritter it away, shareholders having no voice in the matter. Similar promotions came into being during the Klondike rush and in the early stages of the Westralian mining industry. They have long since disappeared, and with them every ha'penny supplied by a foolish public.

The week's new issues amount to a scramble between rubber and oil to get a place in the advertisement columns of the papers. The capital asked for is enormous, the Anglo-Dutch Plantations of Java and the British North Borneo Rubber Trust accounting for £2,500,000 between them. Promoters of oil companies are also taking full advantage of boom conditions. The Russian Oil Lands Limited with a capital of £200,000 and the Ural Caspian Oil Corporation with a capital of £600,000 are among the latest to invite public subscriptions. The general tendency of the oil market is not as favourable to promotions as the rubber market, but they still come nevertheless. Prospectuses of oil companies need to be scrutinised more carefully even than rubber: several very doubtful propositions have already been put forward, and more will come.

#### INSURANCE.

##### BONDS AND HOUSE-PURCHASE CERTIFICATES.

**T**HERE are some welcome signs that bond companies and companies which issue house-purchase certificates are not doing anything like so large a business as they were a few years ago. The Board of Trade took useful action, and the Assurance Companies Act 1909 contains some valuable provisions in regard to companies of this class. Perhaps even more effective has been the widespread discontent among bondholders. Their dissatisfaction has arisen from two sources. Very frequently when subscriptions had been paid long enough to entitle the bondholders to an advance on mortgage for the purpose of buying a house, the advance was not forthcoming. When we say the bondholders were entitled to an advance we are not speaking accurately, because although they are encouraged to expect an advance after paying for a specified length of time, a condition is usually inserted in small type to the effect that the advance will be made if the funds of the company permit it being done. Here, then, is a ready excuse for evading the loan which the bondholder expects to obtain. People are not usually told the real reason why they cannot obtain an advance: some other excuse is given, one of the commonest being that the property they desire to purchase is not adequate security for the amount of the advance required.

The second cause for dissatisfaction is the utterly inadequate character of the surrender values of these bonds or certificates. A common condition is that if subscriptions have been paid for five years, the bond may be surrendered for one-third of the premiums paid. That is to say, if a man has paid £10 a year for five years, or £50 in all, he can discontinue the transaction and draw out £16 10s. in cash if the directors think fit to let him have it; but mostly companies are under no obligation to give any surrender value at all, and unless subscriptions have been paid for at least five years no surrender value is even mentioned.

These bonds or certificates are merely savings bank contracts: there is no life assurance protection of any sort or kind in connexion with them, and to obtain the full benefit of the bond it is necessary to continue paying subscriptions for the full term, which is generally fixed at thirty years. If a person puts his money into the Post Office Savings Bank, or buys a sinking-fund policy from a first-class life office, he can at any time draw out the whole amount he has paid in, with interest in addition; his money is safe, which is certainly not the case in many of these bond companies. Some have already failed, while others are likely to fail in the near future.

There must still be a very large number of people who are paying subscriptions for bonds or house-purchase certificates, and it is often a difficult matter to know what advice to give them. If they continue paying

subscriptions the result is not very profitable even at the end of the term, and assuming that it is quite certain the money will then be paid. If they cease paying subscriptions, and are able to obtain a surrender value, it may amount to only £30 or £40 for each £100 subscribed. In some cases they may not be able to obtain any surrender value at all, and the question arises whether it is worth while to continue paying subscriptions in the hope of avoiding the loss of money already paid, or whether to keep on paying is likely to mean throwing good money after bad.

The decision to be arrived at depends, in the first place, upon the financial stability of the company. A few of these house-purchase companies are financially sound and really do make the advances which the subscribers are encouraged to expect. With the best intentions in the world they are carrying out an extremely unsatisfactory system in a way that confers benefits upon a comparatively few people, who are thus enabled to buy their own houses, while inflicting loss upon a considerably larger number. Such companies, however, are in a small minority; the majority confer the minimum of benefit and produce the maximum of loss. Sometimes it is possible, by a little pressure, to obtain a surrender value of fifty, or even sixty, per cent. of the total premiums paid. Unless the maturity of the bond is close at hand, and the company is reasonably sound financially, it is generally best for the subscriber to take his fifty or sixty per cent. of the amount already paid and surrender his bond. In a few cases the companies which issue house-purchase certificates also issue life-assurance policies, in connexion with which they give attractive facilities for house-purchase purposes. Such companies are generally willing to transfer subscribers from the certificate to the life-assurance department with little or no loss to the bondholder, and this is often a good plan for people to adopt.

To avoid misunderstanding it is well to explain that life assurance can be employed most advantageously in connexion with house-purchase, and that the system we are here condemning is that of bonds or certificates in connexion with which life assurance plays no part.

#### THE RUBBER BOOM.

THE rubber boom has been the most popular that ever was known, for two reasons. Firstly, it has been a truly British boom. The Yankee and the German Jew have not appeared therein; and the subject-matter has been the product of the British colonies. It is true that Java, and Sumatra, and Johore are coming into the game, but it was started in Ceylon and the Malay Settlement. Secondly, it has been a boom in which the public in the widest sense of the term has participated joyously. The smallest punter has had a run for his money. Men and women of all grades in life—the clerk, the waiter, the sempstress, the housemaid, the clergyman and his widow—have each and all had their ten or twenty or fifty shares, and made money out of them. No one has been refused, and as the brokers make these modest speculators pay for and take up their shares, it has been real speculative investment, with quick and large profits. The American and Kaffir markets have always been surrounded by a kind of pompous affectation of "business", which has kept away small people. No one would think of asking a broker to buy ten Rand Mines or five Union Pacifics—or if he did it would be taken to mean five hundred. Of course, the brokers and jobbers do not like these small purchases and sales. The transfer of twenty Linggis takes as much time and trouble as the transfer of two thousand, and the commission is very small. That is the meaning of all this congestion of business, which compelled a well-known firm of brokers to take the unprecedented step of sending round a circular saying that for the next three weeks they could take no more orders! At first the Stock Exchange tried to ignore the rubber-share business; stockbrokers sent inquirers to Mincing Lane to find shares with queer Indian names; they did not relish

the idea of democracy invading the sacred precincts of Capel Court. They lost a lot of business in this way at the start; but when they found that clients were selling Kaffirs and other investments and trotting off to Mincing Lane, where produce brokers were only too glad to earn commissions on shares as well as on produce, the stockbrokers began, like a Minister in difficulties, to "consider their position". Of course, the Stock Exchange gave in; brokers and jobbers got books on rubber, learned to pronounce Selangors and Bukit Rajahs and Sungei Kruits and Kuala Lumpurs. A big firm of jobbers, who had for years been losing money over brewery shares and the other "industrials" (that are killed by Free Trade), laid in a large stock of the shares with names that are a pathetic jumble of Scotland and the gorgeous East. Democracy rushed triumphant down Throgmorton Street, and large fortunes were made in a few weeks by all sorts and conditions of men.

With one or two exceptions the money has been made by the bold speculators who came into the market, knowing nothing about rubber, last January. The planters and pioneers of the rubber industry, who went into the various companies about eight years ago, mostly sold out at much lower prices than those of to-day. These men had seen so much of the difficulty and expense of bringing the rubber trees into bearing, they had been so accustomed to rubber at 3s. or 4s. a pound, they knew so well the troubles ahead in the shape of pests and scarcity of labour, that when the price of the shares they had been sitting on so wearily all these years began to mount, they sold out. It is a fact that a company whose shares to-day stand at £24 was very nearly sold a year ago for £4 a share. One of the best-known and most popular of these planters sold all his shares about eight months ago to a trust company for £2 a share, and the shares stand now at £8. Nobody foresaw the extraordinary rise in the price of rubber, as is proved by the fact that many of the big producing companies have sold their output for 1910 and 1911 for 6s. and 7s. a pound. About two years ago, when rubber stood at 3s. 6d. a pound, it was suggested to one of the directors of the United States Rubber Trust (the biggest buyer in the world) that he should make a corner in plantation rubber by buying up the produce of all the Ceylon and Malayan companies for the next two years. The answer was curious, in the light of recent events. The American said: "We could easily do that, as far as the money is concerned, but it would not be worth our while. The ratio of value between plantation and wild rubber is fixed by the amount of moisture and impurity; as soon as plantation rubber costs more than 5s. or 6s. a pound it is not worth buying"! Plantation rubber sold this week for 12s. 6d. a pound! Another point on which the experts have been utterly wrong is the productivity of the soil, or rather of the trees. Calculations were based on 200 lb. of rubber to the acre, whereas on good Malayan estates the yield is 500 lb. and even 750 lb. to the acre. This makes an enormous difference between the estimates and the actual returns, in favour of the latter for once in a way.

In the scramble for shares in new issues some comic incidents occur. The following letter was written by the secretary of a new company to a lady: "Dear Madam,—In consequence of the large number of applications the directors regret that they are unable to allot you any shares. Herewith I beg to return you your dishonoured cheque for £125, and remain", etc. The following letter was received by the chairman of a new company: "Dear Sir,—I have applied for 50 shares in your company. As I have already sold these shares for £30, I shall be glad to know whether you will allot them to me, as otherwise I shall have to buy them in the market in order to fill my contract." There is another feature which distinguishes the rubber boom from all other movements of the kind—there are two markets, one in the Stock Exchange and one in Mincing Lane. Behind the Stock Exchange, instead of the crew of cosmopolitan financiers who manipulate the American and South African markets, stands Mincing

Lane, the quintessence of British commercialism. If you want to see the sturdy British business man, as distinguished from the excitable Throgmorton Street shouter, go down Mincing Lane and into the sale-room. Now Mincing Lane believes in rubber, whole-heartedly and enthusiastically, and there are big men there prepared to back their opinion. The Stock Exchange always takes short views, living from hand to mouth, or rather from account to account. These volatile creatures are some of them giving out that the rubber boom is over, and transferring themselves and their books to the oil market. Just as the Stock Exchange made a mistake at the beginning of the movement, so will they be making another mistake now if they think the rubber market is finished. The word "boom" is indeed not quite correct, as it implies an inflation of values by excitement or manipulation. It would be more accurate to say that there has been a general uplifting of values to a higher plane. Much the same sort of readjustment of values took place in American railway shares in 1899-1900, when it was discovered that the ordinary shares, instead of being mere instruments for assessing the Britisher, were serious propositions. Common stock like Eries, Atchisons, Southern, which had been kicking about the market for years at \$5 or \$10, suddenly leaped up 20, 40, or 80 points. So it is with rubber shares of 2s., which are eagerly bought at 60s., though they were neglected at 10s. and pronounced dangerous at 30s. These upheavals of value are always more or less volcanic in character, and are often succeeded by periods of prostration and disappointment, after which opens the period of serious investment. Whether the market for rubber shares is destined to pass through these phases it is impossible to predict. It may be that the small speculators have pouched their profits and are stealing off to spend them. Perhaps, when they have done so, they will come back to the market when prices are much higher. Certain it is that silent, cold-blooded Scotchmen are hugging their holdings, and though some of them have made enormous fortunes on paper, they have not realised, and have no intention of doing so. Few people, of course, have the time or the capacity to make elaborate calculations of future returns. Those who will take the trouble to work out sums in arithmetic may easily prove to themselves that the big producing companies, Linggis, Selangors, Vallambrosas, and Bukit Rajahs, are splendid investments at present prices; and that they will either go much higher or else will yield a rate of interest for the next five or six years compared with which the yield from Knights or Rand Mines seems ridiculous. No mine that we know of increases its output with the rapidity and certainty of a good plantation. And then what an advantage it is to have all your wealth above ground instead of buried in the bowels of the earth! *Vive le caoutchouc!*

#### NATIONAL OPERA ONCE MORE.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

MR. W. J. GALLOWAY offers some helpful words of comfort and reproof in a book he has just issued, "Musical England" (London: Christophers, 3s. 6d. net). Whether he is a politician first and a musical enthusiast afterwards, or a musical enthusiast who cares no more about politics than I do, are questions which readers must decide for themselves. It is true he calls his book an "inquiry"; it is true it has something of the air of a blue-book. The statistics—the lists of operas, bands, and the dates—simply amaze, appal and horrify one, which is the end that every well-conditioned blue-book keeps in view. But whereas most (not all) blue-books are dry, Mr. Galloway's trifle of two hundred and fifty-eight pages bound in sage-green is full from cover to the other cover of matter of the highest interest, presented in terse and frequently epigrammatic English. There is no eloquence: not a single page of fine writing—for which let us praise the good gods who sometimes, though rarely, do a stroke for the hapless reviewer.

At a time when concerts and operatic shows are in full swing and tickets are blown into this office by every post like snowflakes in a blizzard, I ought to give some good reason for stopping to discuss a book, stopping to talk about Mr. Galloway's talk about music. Here are two reasons: unless my talking is done now it will not get done until the end of the season which has just broken upon us with fiendish fury; and, second, the central matter which Mr. Galloway discusses, the establishment of a National Opera in this country, is of much greater importance to the musical folk of this country than any of the musical functions that might be commented on. Do we deserve a National Opera? he asks. Will we support it? Are there any reasons why it should be subsidised? I have always assumed it as a self-evident proposition, one on which proofs would be wasted, that the very first step we English will have to take, if ever we are to become a musical nation, is the step of establishing a national subsidised Opera. That would be worth five hundred "first performances" of compositions by Englishmen who cannot win their bread by their art. So without any apology for neglecting concerts in favour of a book of facts and inferences from facts, let me examine Mr. Galloway's facts and his inference.

Perhaps through the parliamentary habit, Mr. Galloway appears to have formed himself into a sort of Royal Commission or committee of inquiry; and as it would never do for such a body to agree, he has kept up appearances by issuing the majority and minority reports in his one blue- or rather green- book. The majority is most emphatically in favour of getting a National Opera at once, and gives overwhelming evidence to show that it would be a success. The minority is not less in favour of getting a National Opera, but is a trifle dubious whether it should be done now or indeed can be done at all. I fancy the musical enthusiast in Mr. Galloway is the majority, the politician the minority. So, as the views of politicians on music are no more valuable than the views of politicians on any other subject, we will consider first and mainly the majority report.

On beginning to consider it, one is struck by the enormous amount of material presented. There are ten chapters; the synopses given at the heads would occupy nearly the space of this article; and, as I have remarked, figures and facts are scattered—or, rather, lumped together—with spendthrift extravagance. All this means that the book has cost much labour. I had no idea that a politician could work so hard.

No one need have any difficulty in reading through this short work. Mr. Galloway is not a long-winded author. He is, from sentence to sentence, an entertaining author. This is not to say that he cannot be at times a very dull author. But, on the whole, he is cheerful and interesting. He starts away with the schools; and what he has to say, though it will certainly amuse us old hands, will amuse neither the pupils nor the teachers engaged on the old game. It is doubtful whether any good whatever is done by the musical "instruction" given in ordinary day-schools. Of course one sees reports and statistics such as those in which Mr. Galloway revels in his duller moments; but a very little practical experience is worth much theorising on paper, and I feel quite sure that every choir-master will agree with me when I solemnly aver that at least nine boys out of ten who enter a church choir—often, in fact, nine and three-quarter boys—cannot sing from the staff notation and have no notion of singing at all. I have not yet succeeded in finding out what the Education Department has in the way of rules and regulations with regard to the teaching of music, but whatever they may be I have no doubts on one point—they should be changed at once. As for municipal music, it may be very well to induce people to sit down in a cold park and "listen to the band": it may keep them out of mischief. But I do not see that so many thousands of pounds being spent on open-air music, or so many hundreds of thousands of people being willing to sit in an east wind to listen to it, are proofs that any real process of musical culture is going on.

Park audiences have always seemed to me to rejoice most in music-hall stuff and "rag-time" dances; though it cannot be denied that at times they are patient under the infliction of Mendelssohn, Weber and Wagner. On the subject of musical festivals Mr. Galloway is much sounder. He records their good deeds in the past; he heartily damns them for what they are doing to-day. On our musical colleges he apparently has something to learn. The facts have never yet been published as to the evolution of the Royal College out of the National Training School; and, moreover, Mr. Galloway is not sufficiently insistent on the sad truth that all our big music schools exist primarily for the benefit of the teachers. The pupils come after, long after. On concerts Mr. Galloway is again sound and safe: no one can argue against his triumphant armies of figures; on Opera he is equally good, and I especially rejoice in his description of the Grand Opera Syndicate as a mere money-making limited liability company.

But I am already getting impatient. With irrefragable logic Mr. Galloway argues through his various cases thus: Whereas once upon a time only a few people attended an orchestral concert, now many people attend it; hence, says Mr. Galloway, in the immediate future more people will attend, and we will have crowded audiences. I don't think that to say this is to put Mr. Galloway's argument unfairly. He believes that as so many more people go to concerts, so will many more people go to opera, if given the chance of going to opera. This is the whole gist of his book, and if I commence to dispute his various points, paragraph by paragraph, I am afraid that I shall become indisputably long-winded.

A simple remark of mine last week may have seemed a little brutal. The rendering of the "Matthew" Passion by the London Choral Society was not, after all, such a bad rendering. Yet I would even now feel justified in calling it a pot-house or music-hall rendering. Some parts were finely done, but the chorales were converted into specimens of the old glee-club singers' choicest effects. And that, most emphatically, is not Bach, nor an idea that ever entered Bach's brain. Moreover, some essential numbers were omitted. It would be ridiculous to demand that in this hurried modern life of ours the whole Passion or none of it should always be sung: we must be content with selections. Yet such choruses as that in which the Jews appeal to Pilate for a guard to stand over the tomb of Christ—"Sir, we remember" in the old translation—are integral parts of Bach's artistic scheme. To omit this particular chorus which I have mentioned is to nullify the effect of the deeply touching recitatives, with choral responses, that follow. Mr. Arthur Fagge is undoubtedly in earnest about his work, but I hope he will, next time that he performs a masterwork, show greater respect for the master's intentions, both in making his selection and in the way he has serious and solid choral music sung.

#### THE ENGLISH GARDEN.\*

By WILLIAM ROBINSON.

THE letterpress of this book is well printed on good paper, and it were to be wished that the book were all printed in the same way; but that saddest discovery of the modern paper-maker and printer, clayed paper, is used for the illustrations, and the effect is often deplorable. The reproductions of old illustrations are almost comical for badness, and the new ones, even of places with some charm and distinction, like Littlecote, are so much reduced in scale and so ill printed that they show little worth remembering.

There is a good deal of information packed into this book. Mrs. Cecil was brought up in her father's good garden, and she may be said to be a trained gardener and therefore free from many of the errors into which writers on garden design fall.

But the vain talk of such writers about "styles" etc. has been too much for her, and so we find the

wild garden described as a "school". There is no such thing as a wild gardening school; it is a way of adding to the natural beauty of any rough ground away from the garden, and the idea that it is a competing school of gardening or laying out is only imaginary. Mrs. Cecil writes: "The advocates of these opposite schools waged a fierce war in print, and the nineteenth century closed when the controversy was at its height". The statement is owing to not taking the trouble to understand the elementary facts of garden design. If there is any war, it is waged between the gardens called "geometrical" and the natural, between the gardens made by Nesfield at Kensington Gore and other places and by Sir James Barry at Shrubland and Trentham, and the natural and picturesque garden of which, if asked to select examples, we would take that at Riverhill near Sevenoaks, and Mr. Fremlin's lawn-garden at Watlington in Kent, and many others. The geometrical gardens were almost invariably composed of traceries, and very often the beds, being unplantable, were filled with silver sand and broken stones. No dignified or true flower garden is possible in such conditions, as there is no freedom to plant or to do anything except preserve the absurd designs of men who think that gardening is a matter of tracery, just as in carpet or panel design.

The greatest and the most lasting improvement ever made in English gardens was the breaking away from the old idea of gardens of barrack-yard uniformity, such as we see several illustrated here and also in many old books. It was this happy change that struck the foreign observers most and was recognised by them as on the whole the most artistic thing ever done by English gardeners. In the old days there were so few plants that the architects had to make gardens of stones and a few clipped trees until by great English writers the folly of it was shown and the garden designers of the day effected a change. It is to that movement we owe any beauty that there is now in English gardens—our Dropmores, Bictons, Tregothnans, and many places in England and Ireland as well. There is not a garden in any county in England that does not owe any dignity or beauty it possesses to the freedom and grace of landscape gardening.

Writers on this theme deal too much in words and too little in facts—with beautiful gardens, too, before them. The beauty that one sees in the gardens mentioned it would be impossible to obtain in the gardens of the geometrical traceries. On the Continent, if one goes into a stately and beautiful garden in the neighbourhood of Vienna or in one of the valleys of France, the chances are that he will find it is known as the "English garden". Before the English carried out landscape gardening, the foreigner, like ourselves, had to be content with the mason's idea of a garden.

Now, the great fact we have to face is the splendid flora of the world which has become known to us—from the stately trees of California to the flowering trees of China and the lilies of Japan. Anyone who thinks of the culture of such beautiful things can only smile at the bare idea of cultivating them in anything but the natural and picturesque way.

A history of English gardening is worthless if it does not tell clearly of the emancipation of the garden from the wearisome barrenness of the old style of garden making. We may still see this in existing instances like Schönbrunn at Vienna and the Grand Trianon at Versailles. Compare those with the dignity and beauty of the English garden and it tells more than words can.

#### AVE CÆSAR!

By R. B. CUNNINGHAM GRAHAM.

THE very loyal, noble and crowned city of Madrid was all out in the streets. The sun poured down upon the just and the unjust, the rich and poor, making all feel alike the equalising gladness of his rays. Troops lined the Castellana, for a lucky fate had added, as it were, another day to Carnival by taking off a foreign Minister whose funeral the Government was

\* "A History of Gardening in England." By the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Cecil. 3rd Edition. London: Murray. 1910. 12s. net.

celebrating with due pomp. Lightness of heart and not insensibility—for the dead Minister had been a man whom all respected—had brought the people out; for life is short, food not abundant, and the streets are, as they were to the Romans and the Greeks, the general meeting-place whenever the sun shines. In the bright light the scene looked like a pageant on the stage. Generals, ablaze with orders, grey-bearded, their abdomens bulging a little on the pommel of their saddles, sitting up brown and immobile as if they had been Moors upon their high-nosed horses from the plains of Córdoba and of Jeréz, rode to their posts, followed by groups of officers looking like flocks of parrots or macaws, so harsh the colours of their uniforms and so metallic the crude blues and scarlets of their plumes. Batteries of horse artillery had unlimbered, and gave an air to the quiet streets as of a city in a siege. The short but lithe Castilian infantry, descendants of the "tercios" of Flanders who once shook the world, were grouped about in masses of dark blue, their grey-topped caps reflecting back the sun. The Judas trees were bursting into flower, and the confetti which had been thrown about during the previous days of Carnival marbled the sandy footpaths as if a shower of blossoms had just fallen from the trees.

All was bright, hard and scintillating in the keen white air, which in Castile is so translucent that it scarce throws a shadow, and acts on character and art just as a key upon a piano string, screwing them up to the intensest point. Men passed each other as if they had been enemies, glaring at one another, in the way—Strabo so many centuries ago depicts their ancestors—and still, in spite of railways and of time, chiefly arrayed in black. Girls heard without a blush remarks that, if they had been said in other countries, would have been answered by a blow or a revolver-shot from those accompanying them, and looked about a foot above the heads of those who uttered them, and passed upon their way. Horses neighed shrilly, stamping and tossing foam upon the passers-by, and through the sombre crowd girls, selling water carried in porous earthen jars supported on one hip, moved in and out, just as in Eastern towns, their harsh and Oriental voices resounding through the air.

The seats were thronged, and all the streets that led out on the Castellana, near the Embassy, blocked thick with people, all quiet and well-behaved, with something Eastern in their restrained and compassed movements and their low tone of speech. In serried ranks they stood and gazed, not with loud exclamations like crowds of other nations, but silently and with unblinking eyes. Grave children stood beside their elders, held by black-haired and black-eyed women with unstaple busts, who wore either black veils or else enormous hats which must have been rejected by the Paris shops as quite unfit for human use, or were of a special manufacture for countries such as Spain. The insubstantial house of mourning, with its cheap-looking palm trees and iron railings with the national emblem on the gate-posts, looked somehow meretricious, and the black blinds and banner at half-mast but half redeemed it, leaving an air of unreality about the ceremonial as if the owner was not really dead, but only setting out upon some journey from which he might return. The bursting trees and the fierce life of everything, people and vegetation, fostered the feeling that the ceremony was but the entry of some potentate into his kingdom rather than the extinction of a man who had played out his part.

Children played gravely, as only children in Castile can ever play, fitting themselves by their grave, compassed games for their grave, compassed lives; and yet beneath their quiet movements there was an air of an intense and almost savage life which linked them in an inexplicable way, bound as they were in the hats and the hosen of the north, to the brown Arab children who sit about the doors of the black tents of some lost duar on the plains. Whilst the troops had been getting to their places in the streets a constant stream of cabs and carriages had driven up to the door, from which pale, fair-haired men, the members of the foreign

colony of which the dead diplomatist had been the chief, descended, either to write their names in the great mourning book which with due coronet was open in the hall, or else to leave a bouquet of immortelles, neatly tied up with crape, with the stout German porter at the gate. An hour or two of waiting in the dust had dimmed the helmets, dulled the steel scabbards of the swords, and made the horses hang their heads. Generals were sinking back into their ordinary look of sacks of flour upon their horses, and underneath the gun-carriages of the artillery the gunners sat and smoked, when, swinging and swaying to and fro, an enormous funeral car drawn by four horses made its way along the street. Hastily generals straightened themselves up, artillerymen got to their saddles, the infantry stood to attention, and an air as of a troop of schoolboys suddenly surprised by the apparition of an unexpected master pervaded all the line.

The groups of people in the streets pressed forward on the troops, but gravely, quietly, just as they gaze every Sunday at a bull-fight, silent but fascinated. Hours seemed to pass, and still the soldiers stood immobile in the fierce sun. At last, when even Spanish patience was almost exhausted, down the broad flight of steps the coffin, covered with a purple pall, was borne upon the shoulders of eight stalwart soldiers to the hearse. Amid a cloud of dust and glory the catafalque rolled down the street, an interminable line of cabs and carriages following stuffed full of black-clad men who sat upright and stifling, with the air that men assume at funerals, half of contentment that they are alive, and half as of a person who has seen a man fall from a scaffold, with eyes averted and with fear in his heart.

Thus the procession took its way right down the Castellana, with all Madrid afoot to watch the passage of the dead Minister, plumes waving, horses passing, soldiers with arms reversed, and all the pomp and ceremony of war tamed for a season and made subservient to death. It passed by streets guarded by mounted men who, sitting gravely on their horses, saluted solemnly. Generals rode both in front and just behind the hearse. An endless line of mourning coaches followed. The King, seated in a gorgeous carriage, his Austrian chin outlined against the glass and his retreating forehead disappearing under a plumed, three-cornered hat, was there to honour the dead man. Street after street the procession passed, and still the olive-coloured crowd stood silent, the men raising their hats, whilst now and then a woman of the older generation crossed herself.

The pageant slowly took its way towards the cemetery in all the glory of the sun, the spring, the bursting trees, and all the pomp of circumstance. Nothing was wanting but a human note to make the scene pathetic and as if someone really sorrowed for the man for whom so much was being done. It seemed as if, even in death, wealth, state, and rank had triumphed and that there was a death we all must die, and yet another for the great, distinct in essence. Rank, wealth and state, science and progress and all the gods that we have made and worship, and to whom we call for help in our necessity, oblivious they are all our own creation, appeared for this once only to have listened to our prayers and taken out death's sting, all was so glorious and so well arranged.

Just where the Calle de Olózaga runs down to Recoletos, in the full view of all Madrid, when the whole pageant was about to pass in all its majesty and pomp, a humble hearse, drawn by two shambling horses that looked as if they had originally been black, but had turned rusty-brown from want of food and care, coming out from a side street found its passage cut off by the troops. It stood forlornly waiting to go by, with the light wooden canopy above the open body of the hearse swaying a little on its four flimsy posts, as the tired horses breathed. The cheaply put-together coffin, with its great yellow cross upon the lid, appeared about to fall to pieces as it lay scorching in the sun, and the brown rug about the driver's knees was worn so threadbare that it would have been a mere mockery to put

it upon one of the apocalyptic horses in the hearse to cover him at night. The little band of mourners in their ordinary clothes, most of them with their cloaks about them—the cloak hides everything—stood huddled round the hearse and horses as they waited, as if in parody of the rich funeral that had stopped them on their way to lay their brother in the ground, and to return to work.

The Civil Guards guarding the corners of the streets, perhaps as it were by intuition that the need of the humble dead, or at the least that of his mourning friends, was greater than that of those following the body of the Minister, signed to them to pass on. The driver of the rusty hearse, who had been looking interestedly at the assembled troops, whipped up his horses, and, as the soldiers made an opening in their ranks, shambled and shuffled through the line. The ranks closed, swallowing the dilapidated hearse, and blotted out the straggling band of mourners, leaving their brief and humble passage through the street but a mere vision stamped for ever on the mind, just as when at a theatre a scene gets stuck during a moving passage on the stage and leaves a carpenter or two, bareheaded and perspiring at their work, full in the public gaze.

After the brief halt the procession once more started, winding about like a great boa constrictor through the streets. Then it, too, disappeared, leaving a cloud of dust still floating in the air and powdering the fresh young leaves upon the trees. In the far distance a dull sound of muffled music now and then was heard and the faint rumbling of the wheels of the artillery upon the ill-paved streets. The people slowly disappeared, and once again the very loyal, noble and crowned city resumed its wonted air of a vast wind-swept steppe on which a town had grown by accident, still keeping recollections of the time when it was known but as a hunting-ground, good for both bears and swine. Lastly, when all the troops had slowly ridden and marched back, the soldiers sitting carelessly upon their horses and talking in the ranks, and when the last of the interminable string of cabs and carriages had left the Embassy, after having stopped a moment to let black-coated men descend and leave the all-healing card with a black edge, a creaking noise was heard. Up the now silent and deserted Castellana came a rough bullock-cart drawn by two dark Castilian oxen, bearing a block of stone. The oxen moved relentlessly as fate, swaying a little to one side and the other, each looking at his mate with his large, limpid eyes, either from love or else to see he pulled his fair amount upon the yoke. Slowly and imperturbably they passed, bearing their burden for some architect to go on building up a world from which the new-made equals had just departed, each having laid his stone.

#### A TROPICAL ISLAND.

By FILSON YOUNG.

V.—QUAM DILECTA.

**T**WICE in every twenty-four hours the mere act of living and breathing in the Tropics is sheer delight and luxury—just after sunrise and just after sunset. Your awakening brings with it a sense of refreshment, for from the great reservoirs of the sky the atmosphere seems to be renewed just before dawn, and you breathe an air changed to a delicious coolness. The routine of daily life begins between six and seven with this sensation of atmospheric renewal, and you turn from the close darkness of the night with a sense of relief and of expectancy to the light and colour that the day will hold. Now is the hour, almost the only hour, that tempts you to physical activity; it is the time to walk, or, best of all, to ride. The shadows of the palms are still long as you turn out of your gate and trot off in the direction of the Savannah, for the early morning canter on the Savannah is an experience not to be missed and not to be forgotten. The grass is still cool and dewy, the sun only pleasantly hot, and the trade breeze, which has awakened in the upper air, is beginning to roll its chariot of white clouds above the peaks of the northern hills. There are not many people

about, but most of them you know—the park-keeper who opens the gate for you, the loafing and smiling nigger, an acquaintance or friend here and there to be greeted and perhaps accompanied on a canter round the racecourse. Children and nursemaids are out for their morning airing on the Pitch Walk. The red electric tram that skirts the Savannah and plies between the town and entrance to the St. Ann's Valley begins to be busy, and the clash of its bell and the drone of its trolley on the wire mingle with the few other morning sounds. But every moment the sun is getting hotter, and when your canter is over you turn away to take the road up one of the valleys where the great bamboos span the way and keep it shaded and cool. Beautiful winding, climbing roads, lovely green living things all about you and above you, clear talking music of a little river leaping down to drown itself, at this dry season, in the hot sands of the plain, but as yet cool and sparkling and all unconscious of the suffocation that awaits it—these are pleasures most real and memorable. There are few birds to be seen, fewer still to be heard, for, like the insects, they fall silent when the sun comes up, and only take their part in the great tropical symphony when night falls; but the "qu'est-ce qu'il dit?" calls from a tree, and the little gem-like honey-bird darts among the scarlet flowers. And far above you, striking gloriously on the green tree-tops, is the mounting sun; and although you are roofed in by the kindly leafage from those searching rays you can tell by the steaming air that begins to rise about you that the tremendous force is already at work. For it is one of the great disadvantages of tropical life that you fear the sun; its power, which is with us so beneficent, to which we so gladly entrust ourselves, is here malignant; you must hide from it, and you grow cunning in avoiding even momentary exposure to its direct rays. Even in the early morning, and while it is still low, it begins to be mischievous, for the level rays, getting under the brim of your helmet, may strike on the back of your neck with unpleasant results. This radiant malignity is a very mysterious and a rather terrible thing. It is not that the actual sensation of heat is insupportable; often it is quite pleasant for a little while; but if you stand about for a few minutes in the full glare of the sun, although you will have no overpowering sensations of heat, you will almost certainly in a few minutes experience a sensation of exhaustion and depression. The finger of the sun has touched you, and you feel that virtue has gone out of you, and it will take you perhaps an hour to recover from the touch.

When you come back from your ride, say at nine o'clock, it is already very hot, and before you bathe it is necessary to cool down, which you pleasantly do with the help of a coconut julep—a long drink of coconut water with perhaps a flavouring of lime and a large lump of ice. And then you go for your bath to a stone bath-house where the water brims five feet deep in a great pit of coolness, in which you lie and float for half-an-hour; and then you go and dress in the white flannel or drill of the tropics and begin the lazy part of the day. That is if you are an idler; if not, you drive down to your office and there behave exactly as if you were in England—except that you work harder. The Government officials in Trinidad all keep English office hours, not because such hours are in the least suitable to the climate or the life, but because the work cannot be got through with any other arrangement. A few miles across on the Venezuelan mainland, in exactly the same climate and temperature, everyone ceases from even a pretence of work between the hours of twelve and three; the shops and offices are shut, the trams stand idle, all the world goes to bed, and even if you rang anyone up on the telephone you would probably get no reply from the exchange. But in Trinidad they work through the hottest part of the day, and although you hear very little talk or complaint about it, it is a terribly trying condition for work.

At half-past eleven comes the first meal of the day—the déjeuner of bourgeois France, here universally called breakfast. It is a large and substantial meal, and on the menu will probably figure some special

island dishes—the tiny little oysters, the most delicious I have tasted anywhere in the world, which cluster on the branches of the trees that dip into the tideless waters of the Caribbean; or crab-back, the highly seasoned contents of a land-crab served in its own shell; or lap or agouti or the excellent land-turtle; or a pelau; or wild duck, or some other of the tropical game birds. If you are wise you will flavour almost everything with a squeeze of lime, and you will end your banquet with one or other of the countless island fruits that look so beautiful and, I must confess, seldom taste nearly so good as they look. In return for the colour and size that the sun and the earth give you in the tropics you must make a sacrifice of other advantages. The flowers are gorgeous in hue and form and variety, but few of them have any perfume; the birds are amazing and gaudy in plumage, but they have no song, or at the best harsh and screaming voices; the fruits are beautiful to look upon and of infinite variety, but with a few exceptions they have little flavour. If it were otherwise, if everything in the tropics were as good as it is beautiful, if all the senses of man could be gratified as the sense of sight is gratified, then this would be Paradise indeed, and the great nations of the world would fight for possession of it. But it is not Paradise: it is only Trinidad, a place with some advantages and some disadvantages; infinitely beautiful, but hardly giving one the impression of having been specially designed for the habitation of man. It is a home and paradise of insects and butterflies and flying and creeping things innumerable; for man it is a place of sojourn and of effort, where wild nature, on too great a scale for man, will close in upon him and overwhelm him unless he makes constant and untiring warfare against it.

After breakfast you sit for a while on the gallery, as the verandah is here called, and keep a wary eye and ear open for mosquitoes. Then if you are a worker you resume your work; or if you are an idler you continue your idleness, and read or doze in a long chair or hammock; for the heat has now become formidable and you cannot move a finger without being aware of it in every pore of your skin. The Creole habit is to go to bed from two to half-past three or four, and unless you have anything very definite to do it is the wisest plan. In Port-of-Spain, at any rate, the world, excepting the world within the walls of offices, is asleep; there is nothing to be done and no one to be seen.

But at four there is a return to life. Then the men come home from their work, and there is golf on the Savannah; the ladies put on their smartest frocks and go out driving or calling; the clubs begin to fill up by about five, and if you are fortunate enough to belong to the Savannah Club—an exclusive and chiefly official coterie of fifty members, who meet in a charming house by the Savannah for bridge or billiards or baccarat—you will be certain to turn in there some time in the afternoon. And after that Port-of-Spain is fortunate enough to possess one of the most charming clubs in the world—a mixed club for ladies and gentlemen where may be found all outdoor and indoor amusements, and where you can meet on neutral ground your enemies as well as your friends. And then come cocktails. The cocktails deserve a chapter to themselves—those delicious, rose-coloured, foam-crowned swizzles of Trinidad, with their almost magically refreshing effect after the long heat of the day—ah! I could write an article about the drinks of Trinidad, and would too, if I had any hope that the inhabitants of a northern world like ours would deem my words anything more than the ravings of a dipsomaniac. No; there is one secret about Trinidad which I shall never tell, which if it were known would send people flocking there by the thousand and make the island the most fashionable place in the world. But the world will never know it, not because it cannot hear, but because, foolish world! it would not believe.

And as the sun goes down and the darkness falls and the six o'clock beetle punctually begins his long, shrill note, and the fireflies, those fairies of the dusk, light their green-gold lamps and begin to dance among the trees, people gather round the bridge tables or sit in groups on the cool verandah; or perhaps (since the

Creoles are born dancers) someone goes to the piano and sets a whole roomful of people waltzing with the fireflies. The heat declines; the perfumes of the evening, of the flowers that open and live and die in the darkness of one night, float out from the gardens; and in music and dinner and talk and dancing the day comes to an end. And man lays him down and sleeps; but the birds of the air, the beasts of the field and forest, the host of flying and creeping things, reptiles and insects, wake and lift up their hearts, and to the star-dusted sky, in a chorus of whistling, piping, barking, croaking, booming, drumming, shrilling voices, hymn their strange loves.

(To be continued.)

## THE UNHAPPY BODY.

By LORD DUNSANY.

"WHY do you not dance with us and rejoice with us?" they said to a certain body. And then that body made the confession of its trouble. It said: "I am united with a fierce and violent soul that is altogether tyrannous and will not let me rest, and he drags me away from the dances of my kin to make me toil at his detestable work, and he will not let me do the little things that would give pleasure to the folk I love, but only cares to please posterity when he has done with me and left me to the worms, and all the while he makes absurd demands of affection from those that are near to me, and is too proud even to notice any less than he demands; so that those that should be kind to me all hate me." And the unhappy body burst into tears.

And they said: "No sensible body cares for its soul. A soul is a little thing and should not rule a body. You should drink and smoke more till he ceases to trouble you." But the body only wept and said: "Mine is a fearful soul. I have driven him away for a little while with drink. But he will soon come back. Oh, he will soon come back."

And the body went to bed hoping to rest, for it was drowsy with drink. But just as sleep was near it, it looked up and there was its soul sitting on the window-sill, a misty blaze of light, and looking into the street.

"Come", said that tyrannous soul, "and look into the street."

"I have need of sleep", said the body.

"But the street is a beautiful thing", the soul said vehemently; "a hundred of the people are dreaming there."

"I am ill through want of rest", the body said.

"That does not matter", the soul said to it. "There are millions like you in the earth, and millions more to go there. The people's dreams are wandering afield; they pass the seas and the mountains of faëry, threading the intricate passages led by their souls; they come to golden temples a-ring with a thousand bells; they pass up steep streets lit by paper lanterns, where the doors are green and small; they know their way to witches' chambers and castles of enchantment; they know the spell that brings them to the causeway along the ivory mountains: on one side looking downward they behold the fields of their youth and on the other lie the radiant plains of the future. Arise and write down what the people dream."

"What reward is there for me", said the body, "if I write down what you bid me?"

"There is no reward", said the soul.

"Then I shall sleep", said the body.

And the soul began to hum an idle song sung by a young man in a fabulous land as he passed a golden city (where fiery sentinels stood), and knew that his wife was within it though as yet but a little child, and knew by prophecy that furious wars not yet arisen in far and unknown mountains should roll above him with their dust and thirst before he ever came to that city again: the young man sang it as he passed the gate and was now dead with his wife a thousand years.

"I cannot sleep for that abominable song", the body cried to the soul.

"Then do as you are commanded", the soul replied. And wearily the body took a pen again. Then the soul spoke merrily as he looked through the window: "There is a mountain lifting sheer above London, part crystal and part mist. Thither the dreamers go when the sound of the traffic has fallen; at first they scarcely dream because of the roar of it; but before midnight it stops and turns, and ebbs with all its wrecks. Then the dreamers arise and scale the shimmering mountain, and at its summit find the galleons of dream. Thence some sail East, some West; some into the Past, and some into the Future; for the galleons sail over the years as well as over the spaces; but mostly they head for the Past and the olden harbours, for thither the sighs of men are mostly turned, and the dream-ships go before them as the merchantmen before the continual trade-winds go down the African coast. I see the galleons even now raise anchor after anchor; the stars flash by them, they slip out of the night, their prows go gleaming into the twilight of memory; and night soon lies far off, a black cloud hanging low and faintly spangled with stars, like the harbour and shore of some low-lying land seen afar with its harbour-lights."

Dream after dream that soul related as he sat there by the window; he told of tropical forests seen by unhappy men who could not escape from London and never would, forests made suddenly wondrous by the song of some passing bird flying to unknown eyries and singing an unknown song; he saw the old men lightly dancing to the tune of elfin pipes, beautiful dances with fantastic maidens, all night on moonlit imaginary mountains; he heard far off the music of glittering Springs; he saw the fairness of blossoms of apple and may—thirty years fallen; he heard old voices; old tears came glistening back; Romance sat cloaked and crowned upon southern hills, and the soul knew him.

One by one he told the dreams of all that slept in that street; sometimes he stopped to revile the body because he worked badly and slowly. Its chill fingers wrote as fast as they could, but the soul cared not for that. And so the night wore on till the soul heard tinkling in oriental skies far footfalls of the morning.

"See now", said the soul, "the dawn that the dreamers dread. The sails of light are paling on those unwreckable galleons; the mariners that steer them slip back into fable and myth; that other sea the traffic is turning now at its ebb and is about to hide its pallid wrecks and to come swinging back, with its tumult, at the flow. Already the sunlight flashes in the gulphs behind the east of the world; the gods have seen it from their palace of twilight that they built above the sunrise; they warm their hands at its glow as it streams through their gleaming arches before it reaches the world; all the gods are there that have ever been and all the gods that shall be; they sit there in the morning chanting, and praising Man."

"I am numb and very cold for want of sleep", said the body.

"You shall have centuries of sleep", said the soul; "but you must not sleep now, for I have seen deep meadows with purple flowers flaming tall and strange above the brilliant grass, and herds of pure white unicorns that gambol there for joy, and a river running by with a glittering galleon on it all of gold, that goes from an unknown inland to an unknown isle of the sea to take a song from the King of Over-the-Hills to the Queen of Far-Away. I will sing that song to you and you shall write it down."

"I have toiled for you for years", the body said. "Give me now but one night's rest, for I am exceeding weary."

"Oh, go and rest. I am tired of you. I am off", said the soul.

And he arose and went: we know not whither. But the body they laid in the earth. And the next night at midnight the wraiths of the dead came drifting from their tombs to felicitate that body.

"You are free here, you know", they said to their new companion.

"Now I can rest", said the body.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR ELDON GORST.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Eddlethorpe Grange, Malton.  
17 April 1910.

SIR,—Since public servants may not defend themselves, it is on occasion necessary that those who know them should combat reckless statements made concerning them. In your issue of last week you published an anonymous article entitled "The Case of Sir Eldon Gorst". As regards British policy in Egypt I say nothing: I confine myself to the personal nature of the article. If the charges taken in bulk are true, Sir Eldon must be a conspirator, a compounder of felonies, a murderer, a miscreant and a fool. Taken seriatim, the charges are, to my personal knowledge, absurd.

Firstly, with regard to the deportation of undesirables, I suppose I must pass this by as a matter of public policy, though I had imagined that any person acquainted with the nature of the inhabitants of the Near East must know that some such arrangement must be made to free certain districts from the presence of assassins and blackmailers whose guilt is common knowledge, but against whom no man dare give public evidence.

I now come to the "graver charges", as Gibbon has it.

Sir Eldon's reception of the Duke of Connaught in unsuitable attire, mounted upon a motor cycle, would be difficult of disproof were it not for the fact that he does not possess such a conveyance and that his reception of his Royal Highness in the usual functional garb was witnessed by some thousands of persons.

As regards Sir Eldon's putties, blasphemous conversation and absence from Divine worship, they are each and every one as complete fabrications as the motor bicycle.

Touching the speech alleged to have been made by the Agent-General to the German Consul and the Cairene notables, announcing the impending dissolution of the British Empire, it is as mythical as the "banquet" at which it is supposed to have been delivered.

The extraordinary farrago concerning the coastguards, the Khedivial railway, and the judicial murder of a Shaykh has, I presume, been based upon the fact that a Vekil holding a part of the oasis of Siwa for the Senussi was executed for the murder of the Mahmur (Civil Governor) of the district, and that his sons are at present serving a term of imprisonment for complicity in the crime. I might also draw attention to the fact that the Khedivial railway passes at a distance of two hundred miles north of that oasis, and that the coastguards have no station nearer Siwa than the railway, and had nothing to do with the affair.

I also add that his Highness the Khedive's railway is built with the sole motive of opening up a hitherto desolate and empty tract of country. That his Highness should have devoted his private fortune to the redemption of wastes and the civilisation and settlement of the nomads of the western desert, speaks so largely for his head and heart that one who, like myself, has just returned from the district in question, must be forgiven for feeling something more than indignation on reading the outrageous motives imputed to him by the writer of the article.

As to the inference that Sir Eldon Gorst has done his best to protect the assassin of Boutros Pasha, it seems strange that, while he was about it, your contributor did not go the whole hog and suggest that Sir Eldon himself instigated the murder and is now endeavouring to conceal the traces of his crime.

I trust, Sir, that in common fairness to those who cannot defend themselves you will disavow the personal charges concerning Sir Eldon and the Khedive.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

MARK SYKES.

[If we have been misinformed as to any minor details, such as the precise dress in which the British Agent-General received the Duke of Connaught, or his

mode of travelling, we regret it. But our correspondent only indulges in a number of vigorous negatives which really prove nothing. Any way it is obvious that these personal details are significant only as symptoms. The contention of the article is that Sir Eldon Gorst has for a long time been pursuing a course personal and public, injurious to British influence in Egypt, and that it would be to the interest of the Empire that he should cease to hold his present position. To that we adhere. If our correspondent imagines that our view is based on information gained from one source or at one time only, he is mistaken.—ED. S. R.]

### THE LETTERS OF BISHOP KING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Theological College, Ely, 19 April 1910.

SIR,—It is proposed to publish a small volume of the spiritual letters of the late Bishop of Lincoln (Dr. King), and as one of the bishop's literary executors I have undertaken to prepare such a volume for the press. I am, therefore, writing to ask any of your readers who may have any letters from Dr. King (which they may think suitable) to entrust them to me, giving me at the same time full liberty to use them, or not to use them, or to select from them at my discretion. It is not proposed to publish any names.

Any letters which may be entrusted to me I shall have copied, and the originals will be immediately returned to their owners.

Your obedient servant,  
B. W. RANDOLPH.

### PEERS OR OUTLAWS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

19 April 1910.

SIR,—There is one little point about the present proposals of the Radicals which appears to be escaping the attention it deserves but which involves a problem which will require solution. Any man who, because he is an English peer, is to be deprived of his present right as a peer to vote as a peer upon what is to be known as a "Money" Bill must, of course, be allowed to be elected for and sit as a member of the House of Commons in respect of "Money" Bills, or he would be deprived of one of the cherished birthrights of every Englishman: and it is to be hoped that the country would not assent to such a gross injustice.

But for any person to be a member of both Houses would seem anomalous, and would involve the inconvenience that such a member might be prevented at some critical juncture from sitting and voting in one House because of the urgent need for his attendance in the other House. Again, if the Upper House is to be deprived of its present rights it is obvious that bare justice requires that any peer should be at liberty to renounce his rights of sitting in the Upper House and be eligible for election to the Lower House. And how would Liberals and Radicals like the idea of some considerable number of able peers, all possessing influence, contesting their seats? And any so-called reform of the Upper House would seem to involve the same problem, and the necessity of admitting peers to the Lower House. Possibly the Radicals propose to treat them as outlaws. But if that is to be done because of their supposed wealth, there are a great many other people possessing wealth who ought for the same reason to be deprived of the right they now have to sit and vote in the House of Commons. Because a man is the eldest son of a peer is he therefore unfit to be a member of the House of Commons? The country should be instructed on these points. It might then be more generally recognised that Ministers are striving by hook or by crook so to arrange that they, and they alone, shall now and for ever govern the House of Commons and rule the country without fear of let or hindrance. I enclose my card but sign myself,

Your obedient servant,  
ZETETES.

### REVIEWS.

"ENGLAND AND S. GEORGE."

"S. George of Cappadocia." By Cornelia Stroketeo Hulst. London: Nutt. 1909. 10s. 6d. net.

WHEN Artemus Ward crossed the border with his show he found himself on "British sile, where they beleeve in S. Gorge and the dragoon". But here is an American devotee who has given years of study to the cultus of the patron of arms and chivalry. And even in England, which is usually ashamed of anything romantic in its past, a timid idealism is reviving round his name. The Most Noble Order has fallen upon humdrum days, admits Sultans, Shahs and other miscreant paynim, and never seems to say its prayers, though it has a glorious shrine prepared for it. But the modern Order of SS. Michael and George meets to pray in its new chapel in S. Paul's, and S. George's feast is being once more observed among us. It is a pity Lord Meath does not merge in this festival, or altogether drop, his rather absurd Empire Day, which, owing to his pious desire to connect it with Queen Victoria's birthday, is always clashing with Trinity Sunday (as this year) or Ascensiontide or Whitsuntide, to the exasperation of churchpeople. Tawdry school-songs, frantic flag-wagging, cheering, and flamboyant sermons are not patriotism, still less religion.

Gibbon's malicious identification—started by a seventeenth-century presbyterian—of S. George the Megalomartyr with the Alexandrian pork-butcher, fraudulent army contractor and broad-church bishop who persecuted S. Athanasius, has long been disproved. But how a soldier who suffered under Diocletian became the world-reverenced hero of so much exquisite legend and fantasy; the symbol of the undying conflict between soul and sense, between light and darkness, is deeply obscure. In the earlier story the maiden and the loathly worm do not appear, and dryasdusts tell us that we have in them only a Christian version of Egyptian Horus and the crocodile or of Greek Perseus and Andromeda. We refuse to part with our fire-breathing dragon, or with the "meke beast and debonayr" who after the combat follows the king's daughter, led unwillingly by her girdle. Besides, science is reviving dragons and putting their bones into museums. And if it is not the fact that S. George rode, the rescuer of innocence, through enchanted forests and dewy meads in silver armour shining clear, or went with other blest martyr spirits in front of the red-crossknights to battle on a snow-white steed, so much the worse for fact. Many things are true which are not fact. If our forefathers evolved the whole gracious and glorious story of the warrior-saint out of their own imaginations, it is certain their spirits were more akin to heavenly realities than ours, which creep along the ground and burrow for truth when they should soar for it.

S. George is patron of twelve existing European Orders of Knighthood, but is especially recognised as the guardian saint of England. When in 1893 the Pope placed this island under the patronage of the Blessed Mary and S. Peter it was explained that S. George would still be its military protector. Charles II., James II. and Anne were crowned on S. George's Day, but no earlier sovereigns. Until Edward III., in fact, the Confessor, near whose bones our kings are still consecrated, was the patron of the English race, but his was hardly a name to invoke in battle, and "God and S. George" was the cry to which Crecy was won. The Conqueror had received a red-cross banner from the Pope as a warrant to undertake the invasion of England, and though this was not necessarily S. George's banner, the martyr was venerated in Normandy, and William caused a church to be built in his honour at Oxford. Cœur de Lion and Henry III. further encouraged the English to seek his aid. By Edward the Third's time the idea of slaying dragons of sin and unbelief had passed away with the Crusades and the fervour of monasticism, so that the Garter was founded in the spirit rather of the tourney and the later chivalry than in that of the earlier simplicity. In the

"Seven Champions of Christendom" S. George becomes a very mundane hero. Edward VI. tried to sever the Garter from his name, but it continued in the English kalendar as a black-letter day. A century later the cavalier romanticism would fain have revived the celebration of 23 April, but puritan feeling was too strong, and in New England in 1634 one Endicott cut the red cross, the foundation of the present Union Jack, out of the King's colours as a relic of Antichrist. It was alleged that the soldiers were loth, by following the royal flag, to put honour upon a popish idol. What would they have done with the red-cross ambulances of the present day or with coins bearing the impress of the saint's combat—a stamp first impressed on the "George" nobles in 1526 and revived under George III.? The national flag of the Swiss—gules, a cross argent—has been for six centuries the reverse of the S. George's flag, so as to recall the patriotic struggle with the Swabian nobles banded in the League of S. George. On the other hand, in Flanders the guilds of "the holy knight S. Joris" caused him to be the patron of popular franchises, and the burghers of Bruges ascribed the overwhelming issue of the Battle of the Golden Spurs, in 1302, to the Saint's aid. There was even a disposition in our own Hanoverian times to regard him as somehow engaged on the side of Protestantism and our civil and religious liberties, and S. George's, Bloomsbury, the steeple of which lifts to heaven an effigy of his Majesty King George I., was built in 1714 as a double-handed compliment to the dynasty and the Evergreen One.

Whatever the peace societies may say, the ideal of Christianity is not a calico millennium; and, if we could have the military spirit—the spirit of knightlihood and disciplined endurance and loyal self-sacrifice—without the horrors which attend actual war, mankind would be truly happy. A soldier's calling is the noblest type of the Christian's, and the army is in every country that is blest with universal service the one great moralising and purifying national influence. Mrs. Hulst's countrymen, as well as ourselves, will find that out some day. She has written a useful book. We would point out that "secundum usum Sarum" is not Latin, and that "drakon" has nothing whatever to do with Dagon. Also that the picture of "S. Teddy [Roosevelt] in combat with the dollar dragon" and another of the same kind introduce a vulgar note where it is intolerable. Again, the paltry modern French picture of "Saint Georges" on page 114 ought not to have attention drawn to it at the foot of the photograph of Bazzi's superb representation of the warrior-archangel in combat with Apollyon, merely because both are dismounted.

#### M. MAURY'S ESSAYS.

"Figures et Aspects de Paris." Par François Maury. Paris: Perrin. 1910. 3 fr. 50c.

IS there anything new to be said about Paris? We certainly thought not, and after reading M. Maury's pleasant essays our belief is confirmed. If this writer, who both observes and depicts what he sees with a grace and skill surpassed by few where there are so many writers both skilled and graceful, cannot shed any fresh light on Parisian life, then it is more than doubtful if anyone else can. "Difficile est proprie communia dicere", but M. Maury does it. Paris is always ready to hear about herself, and, like many individuals, would rather hear herself ill spoken of than ignored. M. Maury clearly knows his Paris core through and is a refined and sympathetic guide, and no one will object to follow him over well-trodden ground. The second part of his book, which deals with French literary life and some well-known literary people, should be read by the ingenious youth who has designs on Parnassus. He may perhaps be induced to turn his thoughts in some other direction. M. Maury as a Frenchman should be able to take a much more favourable view of a writer's career than an Englishman. It is certain that in Paris intellectualism is valued more highly than in this

country. Even to be a journalist is frequently the stepping-stone to political distinction. A writer with considerable gifts is recognised as someone, and to be a member of the Academy is to have a seat in the sun. Here only men of action (happily) have that. But M. Maury's view of the literary career even in Paris is hardly more cheerful than that of Carlyle. If the literary man really devotes himself to his art and will only give the public of his best, then he must either starve or possess a good private income like Heredia. If he is obliged to live by journalism, the public will only get books from him which represent his odd moments and by no means the best that he could do.

All this is true, no doubt, of the literary life everywhere, but it is especially instructive as the view of a Parisian and the editor of a successful and high-class Review. His conclusion of the whole matter is depressing: "La carrière littéraire est médiocre, le succès qu'elle promet non moins médiocre. Décidément que sert d'écrire?" What indeed! except that a fellow must live. M. Maury may congratulate himself that the better class of French readers demand a higher style of journalism than their English contemporaries. Where we want information a large number of Frenchmen still demand style; therefore, though there be often little news in the French newspapers, there is still much good writing. There is also a steady demand for sustained, intelligent and well-informed comment upon such matters as foreign affairs, which seem to have almost lost their attraction for the British public.

M. Maury has devoted a considerable portion of his book to estimates of various French writers and historians, such as Vandal and Sorel, whom at the present time we should find it hard to match in this country. On education, too, he has some good comments. On the education of the French middle class he is particularly severe, and no doubt his strictures are well deserved, for the bourgeoisie have always been particularly impervious to ideas. According to M. Maury they pay more attention to the choice of a maidservant than to that of a tutor. They are also too fond of having their children educated at home, which prepares them ill for the battle of life which has to follow. With regard to the education of the lower class, he finds that the tendency to employ violence on every occasion is an instructive commentary on the kind of education the State has thought fit to give them. The deliberate attempts now being made in France to destroy by ridicule or suppression all the sanctions of religion will hardly improve this state of things. Though M. Maury has the sense to see the danger, he is too good a Republican to reprobate, as it deserves, the conduct and policy of the rulers of France during the last fifteen or twenty years. He is evidently a great admirer of M. Waldeck-Rousseau. It is true he was an able man and vastly superior in talents and to some extent in aims to his successors. But the policy he inaugurated is bearing evil fruit. M. Maury truly says that "he brought to an end an era without glory", but when he goes on to assert that "he opened another of which the greatest hopes are permissible" the impartial observer will dissent.

#### RELIGIONS AND MORALS.

"Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics." Edited by J. Hastings. Vol. II.: Arthur—Bunyan. Edinburgh: Clark. 1909. 28s. net.

IN this volume India holds the first place, with good seconds. The editor has been fortunate in getting the services of Mr. William Crooke, formerly of the Civil Service, who evidently has that intimate knowledge of native life which modern officers are often accused of not troubling to acquire. The amplest and most interesting of his articles is that on Bengal. The dispassionate and clear description he gives of the practical religion of the multitudes is very impressive. The Encyclopædia contains many articles on Hindu systems of religious thought with polysyllabic names, from which we might conclude that the belief of India is refined and philosophical. There

is nothing of the kind in Mr. Crooke's description. We are shown a population belonging mainly, not to the Aryan, but to the inferior Dravidian stock, worshipping at sordid village shrines all manner of spirits, benevolent or malignant, of earth or air, trees or springs, and venerating especially such deities as those of cholera and smallpox. Spirits of the dead, apes and tigers must be propitiated; and this gloomy religion is relieved by songs and festivals in which the lower passions are allowed free play. All this is represented as being sanctioned by the Brahmins, who should be the guardians and teachers of the loftier faith. But when we turn to the elaborate articles "Brahman" and "Brahmanism", which are by German scholars, again we find that the purer elements are almost lost amid superstitions, often of the wildest kind. The abstract philosophy seems to count for little in real life. Mr. Crooke is cool in his sympathy with Christian missions, and disposed to regard famine as one of the strongest arguments on their side. But certainly the result of his work is to increase our desire for their success, and our satisfaction in learning that Christians have multiplied threefold in Bengal between 1871 and 1901. Yet their total number, including Europeans, was only 278,000 in the latter year. Northern India is much more averse from Christianity than Southern, and the willingness of the Brahmins to accept primitive tribes or castes as Hindus, and so to raise them in the social scale, is the most formidable of obstacles to the missionary. On the other hand Mohammedanism, Mr. Crooke tells us, is growing more rapidly than Hinduism, chiefly by natural increase. Mohammedans have a less restricted diet, and are therefore better nourished; but a more important cause is that among them there is not the loss of births through enforced widowhood that prevails among Hindus. Their creed is now held by a third of the population of Bengal. Mr. Crooke's articles on Bombay and on many smaller districts are equally interesting, and perhaps those on the separate castes, especially the lower ones, are still more attractive. But students of Christian antiquity will grudge the space allotted to Hindu shrines. Why should Batesar and Bijapur be noticed, while Christian churches are ignored? Even on the side of folk-lore there is plenty to be said about such a place as Bologna. The great treasury of San Petronio, with its withered hands and other strange relics, must be rich in history and legend and survivals of mediæval piety.

But Christianity, perhaps because information about many of its aspects is easily obtainable, receives less attention than we should have expected. The great thinkers and writers receive some notice. Of the ancients only S. Athanasius and S. Augustine are noticed; in each case the article has merit, though the one is rather dry and the other rather rhetorical. But in a work which deals on a large scale with philosophy, even when it has little to do with religion or ethics, we have a right to expect that the metaphysics underlying the doctrine of these divines should receive notice. It gets none, though quite a literature has been devoted to the relations between S. Augustine and Neoplatonism, and S. Athanasius has also been studied from this point of view. Boethius and Bradwardine, two of the thinkers who had most influence in the middle ages, are entirely ignored, though Bishop Berkeley has an article. In the mediæval period Berengar and S. Bernard, in the modern Baxter, Bunyan and Boehme alone are honoured. But no praise can be too high for the articles on the Bible, and the Bible in the Church, contributed by Dr. Sanday and Professor von Dobschütz of Strasburg. The two writers are of one mind and of equal knowledge, and we are acquainted with no compact account of the composition of the Books, the growth of the Canon, the authority assigned to the Bible, and the senses in which it has been interpreted, of such merit as this. Several important topics, among them Asceticism and Baptism, are divided, as in the previous volume, between scholars who can write with authority on particular aspects. Baptism on its Christian side is entrusted in part to a writer who is apparently an Anabaptist. Sometimes a strange impression is given, as when "Blessedness" in its Christian sense is sandwiched between cognate articles on Chinese and

Mohammedan blessedness. It is a serious omission that "Authority" is treated, and very ably, by a Scottish Presbyterian alone. There is another side to the matter, if not more than one, which obviously needs to be presented. But able as all this work is, our general impression is that Christianity is slighted. The article on Brazil is confined to the savages of that country; not a word is said about its Christianity. Yet the spread of our faith among the Indians, and the spirit in which it is held by Portuguese and Negroes, would at the present time have been a subject of unusual interest.

Passing to the miscellaneous articles, the philosophy, largely by Scottish hands, is good and clear, though, as in the first volume, there is a great deal that is hardly relevant. Technical psychology and biology, and an exposition of the atomic theory are not needed in such a work; nor a description, with illustrations, of the Braille alphabet for the blind. There is plenty of folk-lore, still in the pre-scientific stage of accumulation of probably unrelated facts; some of it approaches the verge of nastiness. There are admirable articles on the Keltic bards, on King Arthur, on bull-roarers, the last by Mr. Andrew Lang, and on many more promiscuous topics. It is rarely that the authors are guilty of omission, yet surely the mysterious song of the Arval Brethren needed translation. Finally, we may notice as a sad innovation that since Leo XIII. the leaden seal of papal bulls and the wax seal of the Fisherman's ring have been displaced by stamps in red ink for convenience of postage.

## TWO LOUIS.

"The Court of a Saint." By Winifred F. Knox. London: Methuen. 1909. 10s. 6d.

"The Court of Louis XIII." By K. A. Patmore. London: Methuen. 1909. 10s. 6d.

BOTH the epochs of history with which these volumes deal are of intense interest. Of the age of S. Louis this is generally admitted. Popularly, however, the reign of Louis XIII., intervening as it does between the romantic epoch of Henri Quatre and the spacious years of the Grand Monarque, is too often set down as a dull period. In fact the days that saw the coming of the *Précieuses* and the foundation of the Academy, that knew S. François de Sales and Mère Angélique, are among the most interesting in French literary and ecclesiastical history. Politically also the age of Richelieu witnessed the creation of modern France. The drawback to the period is the weakness of its titular sovereign. These two Louis, the Louis of Joinville and the Louis of Richelieu, are both admirably portrayed in these volumes. S. Louis is presented to us as a saintly king, but there is no attempt to palliate his imperfections, the lack of statesmanship and even policy that marked the conduct of his first crusade and his strained relations with Queen Margaret, the sort of woman, it is fair to remember, "who would harass not only a man's conscience but also his nerves". As for his unworthy namesake, the author of "The Court of Louis XIII." gives no countenance to the modern theory that he was an able man, who used Richelieu's abilities; and was merely playing a part when he allowed the world to think that his Minister was his master. The explanation here given—and it appears incontrovertible—is that the King's deference to the Cardinal was the result of his degenerate character. "Richelieu had an absolute mastery of his temperament. He held him in a grip which paralysed his half-fledged ego, while he never abandoned a demeanour towards the king which gave him a fictitious aspect of supremacy before the world. He gave forth the utterances of a dictator with the servility of a sycophant."

To turn to the political effects of the two periods. There is an element of weakness common to the policy both of S. Louis and Richelieu. Such reforms as both introduced—indeed, the very system of government which they sought to establish—depended for its

continuance on a succession of kings and Ministers of their own character. The system instantaneously broke down when ill-fortune placed on the throne of the Capets an Henri III. or Louis XV. The heroic example of S. Louis, the statecraft of Richelieu, gave the French monarchy a prestige and resources that made it supreme over all constitutional and provincial liberties. The fact made its ruin the more complete when it ceased to serve the needs of the nation. The feudal hall of the Palais de Justice, which recalls the days of S. Louis (his biographer reminds us), adjoins the cell where Marie Antoinette lay the night before her execution. This book on S. Louis gives us a scholarly presentment of the political and ecclesiastical situation in the Europe and the Near East of the early thirteenth century. Its two most interesting chapters are those which discuss Louis' relations with the Papacy, the Church and foreign Powers. The Saint was no ultramontane. In the bitter struggle between Frederick II. and the Papacy his attitude was mildly Ghibelline. "His sympathies", observes our author, "were instinctively for the monarch. Like all Europe, he felt it true that the Pope was using his powers unjustifiably." He was powerless, however, to reconcile the disputants, or after Frederick's and Conrad's deaths to stop his brother Charles from accepting the Papal offer of the Crown of Naples, an acceptance which brought in its train the terrible tragedy of Conrad's murder and the Vespers of Palermo. If in regard to the temporal claims of the Papacy S. Louis adopted a Gallican position, he appears, on the other side, as a supporter of the Inquisition. It was through his action that it first got a footing in Northern France. He held no doubt that it was the duty of the State to protect the souls as well as the bodies of its subjects with the sword, and it is remarkable that the great enemy of the Papacy, Frederick II., adopted a similar policy. It is worthy of observation that in this as in other periods of history the civil ruler showed himself a keener heresy-hunter than did the clergy themselves, who gave the victims of the Inquisition an asylum in their churches and abbeys. Reasons similar to those which misled Louis on the Inquisition made him go astray when he undertook the position of mediator between Henry III. and his barons. He took a purely French view of the relations between the King and his vassals, failing to recognise that the English nobles stood for the constitutional rights of England. "Louis", says our author, "was of his own days, not ahead of them." It might be more correct to say that he judged English constitutional questions from the standpoint of the civil lawyers of France.

The book on Louis XIII. hardly attempts a wide political view of the period. It shows us, however, the Court and literary life of the age and a careful, critical study of the leading characters. Mary de Medici is admirably drawn. An explanation is sought for the cause of the fierce hostility that animated Richelieu against Anne of Austria; but, though interesting suggestions are offered, the mystery is not solved. There are in the book a few omissions and mistakes. "Richelieu", we are told, "by the help of some partisan tactics got himself appointed as deputy for the clergy." The fact is that he was appointed to present the cahiers of the clerical order in the States-General. The speech which he made was, however, not worthy of his future reputation. Again, it is not a fact that Cinq-Mars and De Thou were conducted to their trial at Lyons in a boat attached to the Cardinal's barge, with a view of making a barbaric pageant. Cinq-Mars was not so taken at all, and De Thou was thus conducted only for part of the way and as a matter of convenience.

#### NOVELS.

"Second String." By Anthony Hope. London: Nelson. 1910. 2s.

When, after his excursions with "Folly" and her successors, and his interludes with romantic Prisoners and Princes, Anthony Hope returned to serious

comedy, there seemed more than a likelihood of his developing an ability for first-class work. There is no need to enumerate his qualities; they are known to all who have derived pleasure from his work; and some have mellowed if others have lost the delicate freshness of discovery. But his latest novel starts the reader on a more searching retrospect, on the discovery of how it comes to be in direct succession from, say, "The God in the Car". That, as a progenitor, will serve as well as any other, because it suggested a courage, a desire to face realities, which has made but spasmodic reappearances, and which has seemed to have been gradually overborne and dispossessed by the worldly wisdom which discerned that it was not reality but a pleasantly coloured imitation of it that was required by the "popular" public. And so we descend by volume after volume, each displaying the old graceful gaiety, the humorous serenity, the circumspect sagacity in varying measure, but each relinquishing little by little its hold on life and putting some picturesque convention in the place of it, till we arrive at "Second String", which has abandoned all interest in and all reference and resemblance to realities, without showing enough concern for its task to offer us even a conceivable substitute. The tale is the sound old morality of the idle and industrious apprentices; the squire's brilliant son, beloved of all ladies, prospective member for the county, and the dull honest fellow from the colonies, whose only relative is the local butcher and whose aspirations are very tightly bounded by his humility. The morality is carried out with a thoroughness which, one might almost say, does more credit to the author's heart than to his head, for the squire's son, owing to a careless bit of philandering, is hounded out of the county, deprived of his career, and forced to marry a penniless governess, while the butcher's nephew makes a fortune, enters Parliament, and marries the girl to whom the squire's heir was engaged. It is not in its main idea a scheme of much subtlety, and it is developed with a complete absence of that subtle illustration which Anthony Hope so cleverly preferred to understanding. So crude, for the most part, is the handling that one would hesitate to ascribe any chapter in the book to its real author, and, over and again, the treatment of incident and of phrase declines to a flat and tired banality; and even the little tentative essays in wisdom which have often offered so benign a commentary turn into trivial profundities of the commonplace. The skill to write a story remains, though the story is a poor one, and it is put together with a great deal of mortar between its bricks. It describes the society of a small country town, but with very little appreciation of its elements. We do not, indeed, obtain the least sense of that society, to whose exclusive prejudices music-hall stars find their notoriety a sufficient passport, and preach a tolerant amenity by associating familiarly with every grade of it. But though the Nun and Sally Dutton introduce the last sort of incongruity that one expected of Anthony Hope, it is from his failure to draw Isobel Vintry that the book falls to pieces. No doubt she was difficult. A paid companion who, not content with winning her employer's heart, sets herself, out of sheer feminine vanity, to steal the man to whom her charge is to be married, is not likely to seem sympathetic; but, with so much tragedy at her disposal, the power of her charm must be adequately realised. To draw such a woman at full length, to bring one enough under the sway of her fascination to forgive her rascality, would have been a masterly piece of work which the author does not attempt. The sketch of her is very slight, trying neither for detail nor congruity, relying almost wholly on inference and reflection. But though the means are familiar to him—he has often used them with success—here he fails completely. We can neither see the woman nor conceive her power, and without it her desperate influence on the story melts into a dull magic which must leave all on whom it acts unreal. Isobel Vintry as a tragic possibility could not have redeemed the book, but would have made it readable. With her a mere conventional adventurer it cannot achieve as much as that.

**"Lords of the Sea."** By Edward Noble. London: Methuen. 6s.

Mr. Noble holds that the principle of what are known as P.P.I. insurances on ships is a dangerous one, and he has accordingly written a novel in which the villain takes out policies of that sort and then endeavours by criminal means to bring about the total loss of the "lame ducks" which are the subjects of them. If such a story is to be effective the arch-conspirator ought to be convincing; but Jenks with his nickname of "The Wasp"—compare "The Spider" in "The Silver King"—and his inability when on his trial at Liverpool Assizes to see the drift of the most ordinary cross-examination, is just the stock personage of melodrama, who, however fearsome his sobriquet to begin with, usually cuts a very stupid figure towards the end. Much more effective, yet still in accordance with the best traditions of Drury Lane, is the up-to-date scene where the "Mauretania", carrying the heroine, is brought to the rescue of a sinking tramp, wherein the hero is a passenger, by means of Marconi messages. Mr. Noble is at his best at sea, and certainly knows how to be thrilling; but his work suffers by reason of an element of over-emphasis and staginess of style and incident—as where he puts a perfectly well-behaved prisoner into the witness-box with his hands "manacled". This would no doubt be extremely effective at "the Lane", but we are sure it is not the practice at Liverpool Assizes.

**"Master John."** By Shan F. Bullock. London: Laurie. [1910.] 6s.

Publishers ought to date their books, especially books by novelists whose works deserve a permanent place on the shelf. Mr. Bullock has returned to Ulster with very good results, for while "Master John" does not reveal qualities that will be new to readers of his early studies of rural life, it will, we fancy, impress people who discovered him only when he began to write of London suburbs. The story—like Miss Edgeworth's best story—is told by a retainer, in this case a car-driver who had for a time been coachman to his early playmate "Master John". It is dramatic, as unfolding sympathetically the career of a strong man who tried to mould forces stronger than himself, and the narrowness of the stage does not impair the effect. The author has succeeded wonderfully in the character of Dan, the genial raconteur, and through Dan's shrewd eyes we see several other entertaining figures at very close quarters. That queer world is described wherein Orangeman and Romanist live in great personal amity until the Fourth of July comes round, each nourishing the while an intense dislike of the other's enthusiasms. The love affair of Long William, the dour Orangeman, would by itself repay the reader, and that is only an incident in a good story.

**"Old Harbor."** By William John Hopkins. London: Constable. 1910. 6s.

Mr. Hopkins is clearly an impressionist—he slings remarks on to paper and leaves one to fill in the blanks. After struggling through 389 pages the reader will find his task not by any means a sinecure. He has, first, to conjure up some topographical setting, for the only information allowed us by the author is that Old Harbor is an American seaport. Second, he has to conjecture a motive for almost every incident, for Mr. Hopkins does not see fit to discuss such things. Last, he will find it necessary to invent a plot which will carry the story through its thirty-two chapters with some semblance of probability. The only characters of importance for his investigations are Abbie Mervin and Nan Hedge, spinsters of uncertain age, and William Ransome and Jack Catherwood, the unfortunate victims of their wiles. Eben Joyce makes a dramatic entry, but he proves to be only a red herring across the trail; and Clanky Beg and Mike Loughery—the most promising figures in the whole array—are doomed to waste their sweetness.

**"The Diary of an English Girl."** London: Duckworth. 1910. 6s.

"The Diary of an English Girl" is precisely what its title says. She is not a wonderful or exceptional English girl, her daily outpourings of self contain no profound reflections, no revelations of precocious shrewdness or abnormal strength of temperament. She makes indifferent verses and describes sky effects with the modern girl's easy gush over the picturesque, and she is very femininely obsessed by her romantic sentimental devotion to a young man. She alternates violently between hopes and fears as to the nature of his feeling for her, and in the end discovers it to be mere friendship. There is poignancy and reality in the description of her sensations—the cold numbness, the emptiness and desolation following on the loss of an illusion. It is all rather foolish, but suffering and humiliation are always pitiable, and we should be very sorry for the English girl if we did not remember that she is nineteen and pretty, and that life, which she describes as "a long stretch of dreary years", probably holds compensation in store for her.

**"Wayward Anne."** By Curtis Yorke. London: Long. 1910. 6s.

Wayward Anne is a somewhat tiresome little person who falls in love with a mysterious neighbour in her group of flats. But she is not at all unlike a fair number of modern girls. When an author lays down as a postulate that a hero shall take upon himself the guilt of forgery at the request of his unnatural mother to screen his unworthy brother from the just wrath of his passionate father—well, we see at once what sort of novel is going to be the result. But Anne is quite proper, and we fancy the portrait of an under-dressed, dyed and painted young woman on the cover must have got there by mistake.

#### INTERNATIONAL AND OTHER LAW BOOKS.

**"The Hague Peace Conferences."** By A. Pearce Higgins. Cambridge: At the University Press. 15s.

**"Letters upon War and Neutrality."** By Thomas Erskine Holland. London: Longmans. 6s. net.

**"A Handbook of Public International Law."** By T. J. Lawrence. 7th Edition. London: Macmillan. 3s.

**"Cases and Opinions on International Law." Part I. "Peace."** By Pitt Cobbett. 3rd Edition. London: Stevens and Haynes. 15s.

Dr. Higgins' book is a key to the appearance or reappearance in new editions, about the same time, of these books on International Law. All the authors were waiting for the results of the London Naval Conference, held during 1908 and 1909, that they might present its work in connexion with the Hague Peace Conference of 1907. They have all a vast deal to say about the drolly-named Peace Conference, to which Dr. Higgins, with perhaps conscious irony, adds the alternative title, "And other International Conferences concerning the laws and usages of war". But strictly speaking the writers are premature in treating the conventions of the Hague Conference of 1907 and the Declaration of London, which was signed in February last year, as International Law. Not one of all these Conventions, nor the Declaration, has yet been ratified by any of the Powers parties to them. However, students of international law naturally expect their authors to incorporate the new matter these Conferences have so lavishly provided. International law in the making is more interesting to jurists and publicists than its long-settled decisions.

We said incorporate; but this is not applicable to Dr. Higgins' book, which contains in extenso all the Conventions of the Powers on the Laws and Usages of War from the Declaration of Paris in 1856 to the Declaration of London in 1909. These two Declarations illustrate well the difference between international law finished and unfinished. The Declaration of Paris has long been accepted; the Declaration of London consists of the rules of naval war which the greater maritime Powers think possible as a code for the International Prize Court if this should ever be started. Whether the Powers will now ratify this code and the Convention as to the Court agreed on at the Hague is considerably less than certain. In Dr. Higgins' book are to be found these international documents printed in large, clear type, with the original French and the translations. A commen-

tary follows each Convention with the history of the subject on which it treats, and the proceedings at the Conference discussions. The book is a serviceable record of the efforts to revise and fix international law that have been made by the joint action of nations over half a century.

Professor Holland's book is a most interesting variant on the ordinary form of discussion of questions in international law. From 1881 to 1909 Professor Holland has shared with Professor Westlake the honour of enlightening the British public in the "Times" on topical points as they arose. These letters are clear, simple and concise; and reprinted as they are here and arranged under headings according to subject, with notes on the intervening events which have illustrated or confirmed or modified Professor Holland's views, they make a very readable and attractive book. Two letters, not otherwise easily accessible to ordinary readers, are by Count von Moltke and Professor Bluntschli in 1881. The great soldier makes certain observations on war by way of criticism of the manual of the laws of war which the Institut de Droit International published after its Oxford meeting of that year.

Dr. Lawrence's handbook is perhaps the most condensed form into which a general view of international law could be put; but it is too slight for the purposes of the professional law student. Its numerous editions are due to its being set by the Admiralty for the officers of the Navy; and its adoption is due to its excellence and suitability for that particular purpose. Dr. Lawrence explains, as we have pointed out above, why a revision has become necessary since the sixth edition in 1907. The period is "the epoch when a Statute-book of the law of nations took definite form, and the foundations were laid of International Courts to give it authoritative interpretation".

With a preliminary course of Dr. Lawrence the reader may pass to the cases and dissertations of Dr. Pitt Cobbett. When the second volume on War and Neutrality appears the international law student will have a treatise which he can use as the ordinary lawyer uses White and Tudor. The present volume being on Peace, the Hague Conferences do not figure largely. But there is a useful account of the North Sea incident, inquiry and report under the section "International Courts of Arbitration and Commissions of Inquiry".

"Foreign Judgments and Jurisdiction." By Sir Francis Piggott. Part III. London: Butterworth. 1910. 35s. net.

A dislocation of arrangement has classed the subject of Bankruptcy with that of "Parties out of the Jurisdiction" in this Part III., though it properly belongs to the category of Judgments in Rem and Status, of Part II. We have in this volume a third edition of the Bankruptcy part and a second edition of the other. It concludes a work which, published in sections, has already gone through several editions. This is to the credit of the legal profession which has bought it, as reviewers have pointed out that it contains more of juristic theory and discussion than law books usually do. Sir Francis Piggott has considerably toned down his polemics in this volume and his learning has been kept more relevant to the practical aspects of his subjects. We do not doubt that this very able treatise will be the principal authority on the topics of Private International Law of which it treats, nor that on debatable questions it will have much influence in the Courts. It is the most original law book that has appeared for a considerable time, and it seals the reputation of its author as a jurist.

"Thornton on Patents." By Alfred Augustus Thornton. London: Jones. 1910. 21s. net.

Usually a book on Patent Law is not one to which the non-legal person could be referred for pleasure. But there are few pages in Mr. Thornton's book which will be dull to anyone interested generally in patents. Mr. Thornton is a consulting patent agent of wide experience and knowledge, not only of the art and mystery of taking out patents, but of the psychology of inventors, patentees and claimants to patents, the tricks of wily infringers, and the pitfalls in which the innocent infringer may entangle himself. He has put this experience into his book for the benefit of the patentee and the public generally and for solicitors who have not any special acquaintance with patent law but who may have to advise clients. Mr. Thornton claims quite properly that he has covered the whole area of patents and correctly answered the hundred-and-one questions that persons interested in patents require answered—frequently at short notice. Lawyers consulting Mr. Thornton's book will find valuable information on any point on which they may have to advise; and would-be patentees, if they are prudent, will find abundant reasons in his pages for following his advice not to take out patents for themselves. There is much in the book that we do not think can be found elsewhere or so lucidly put or so conveniently arranged. But Mr. Thornton often uses an ugly

collocation of words. The law no doubt is good, but this English very bad, in such a sentence as "It is in fact technically an act of infringement to, without authority, even advertise for sale the infringing articles". This sets the teeth on edge; as do other similar phrases that might be quoted.

"Principles of the English Law of Contract." By Sir William R. Anson. 12th Edition. By Maurice L. Gwyer. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1910. 10s. net.

"The Law of Husband and Wife." By Montague Lush. 3rd Edition. By Walter Hussey Griffith. London: Stevens. 1910. 25s.

"The Magistrates' General Practice." By Charles Milner Atkinson. 7th Edition. London: Stevens; Sweet and Maxwell. 1910. 20s.

"Oaths and Affirmations." By Francis A. Stringer. 3rd Edition. London: Stevens. 1910. 4s.

Verbal criticism is superfluous as to all these books. Their numerous editions are proof that they have answered successfully the best test that can be applied to a law book. They have come through the ordeal of use by the profession during many years, and, after all the competition to which law books are exposed, have reappeared in edition after edition. Both "Lush on Husband and Wife" and "Anson on Contract" are now edited by other hands without losing their original form. The time has not yet come, and may never come for Sir W. Anson's book, when substantive changes may alter their whole character, and the Lush of our day meet the fate of that Lush's Practice which came from the hand of Mr. Lush's father in the preceding generation. In both cases, too, the new editors have consulted at every step with the authors themselves.

The book on the Practice in Magistrates' Courts by the Stipendiary Magistrate for Leeds is an interesting example of dealings with law-books. The two publishers, each of whom holds the rights over a well-known Magistrates' Practice book that competes with the other, join their interests in this book, which is now in its seventh edition. The last edition appeared only a year ago, and yet more than a hundred new decisions, and seven or eight new statutes, many of both being important, have had to be incorporated. The advocate in the Magistrates' Court must have his vade mecum promptly posted.

Since the second edition of "Stringer on Oaths" the subject matter has been greatly changed by legislation; but above all there has been the change introduced by the Oaths Act of last year which abolished "kissing the book". This is the only useful thing it has done. As Mr. Stringer points out, it has introduced several inconveniences previously unknown in the courts. There is a good case for fresh legislation: and fresh legislation means new law books—so "vogue la galère"!

#### SHORTER NOTICES.

"The Book of the Opening of the Mouth." 2 vols. "The Liturgy of Funerary Offerings." By E. A. Wallis Budge. London: Kegan Paul. 12s. net.

Dr. Wallis Budge is the most indefatigable of workers. Besides his administrative work in the British Museum, he manages, year after year, to bring out translations of Oriental texts as well as volumes of useful compilation on ancient Egypt and its literature. To the series of books he has already published on Egyptian history and theology he has now added two others, which lay the student of comparative religion under a fresh obligation to him. For those who are not professed Egyptologists it is extremely difficult to learn what is already known about the more abstruse departments of ancient Egyptian belief. Translations of the texts relating to them are hidden away in unfamiliar periodicals, and the controversies of specialists often leave the reader perplexed as to what opinions he should form. It is well, therefore, to have the latest results placed before us by a competent authority, who knows how to write in a clear and easy style, and never shrinks from the drudgery of setting down all the facts, great and small, or of filling his pages with copious quotations. Dr. Budge's new volumes are handy to hold and pleasant to read, the introductions give all the information that is needed, the original hieroglyphic texts are attached to the translations, and excellent indices are provided.

"The Book of the Opening of the Mouth", like most other things in the official religion of Egypt, goes back to a very early date. The ceremonies enumerated in it were intended to prevent the mummy or corpse of the dead man from perishing everlastingly, and were performed sometimes before the corpse, sometimes (more especially in later times) before a

(Continued on page 536.)

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statue of the deceased. What has been called the "Liturgy of Funerary Offerings" seems to have been a supplement to the other work and, as Dr. Budge says, to have been "a development of the canonical list of offerings which we have reason to believe was in existence under the IIIrd or IVth Dynasty". To a modern theologian perhaps the most interesting fact connected with the two Liturgies is the belief they embody in the communion of the worshipper with his deity through the elements of food and drink. The recitation of certain words accompanied by certain acts caused the food and drink offered to the dead Osiris to become his body and blood. The doctrine of transubstantiation thus offered no difficulty to the Egyptian when he passed over to Christianity; it was, indeed, natural for him to hold it in its most material form, and Dr. Budge has quoted some interesting illustrations of the fact from Coptic and Abyssinian books. How far the belief was originally connected with human sacrifice and cannibalism must be left to the anthropologists to discuss; in spite of all that has lately been said to the contrary, there is no proof that human sacrifice was ever practised by the Egyptians of history, and such expressions as those in the Pyramid texts about the king feeding on the hearts of the gods and having their souls and spirits within him because he had eaten them, cannot be interpreted literally any more than certain expressions in our own Liturgy. Whatever else may be questionable, it is certain that the Egyptians of the Pyramid age were not cannibals.

"Paris sous Napoléon: Le Monde des Affaires et du Travail." Par L. de L. de Laborie. Paris: Librairie Plon. 1910. 3fr. 50c.

In this, the sixth volume of the series, M. de Laborie concludes his elaborate study of the social, political and economic condition of Paris under Napoleon. We must congratulate the author on the completion of a work of enormous labour and devoted study. In spite of the scrutiny to which this period has been subjected during the last forty years, the author has succeeded in bringing to light many new sources of information. In this volume he deals with commerce, finance, industry, and labour. It is interesting to find how persistent was the use of British manufactures by the Parisians in spite of the injunctions of Napoleon to the fashionable world, on their offences against patriotism. Fashion is indeed always more powerful than sumptuary laws, however able and drastic the hand that imposes them. It is also curious to learn that in spite of the overwhelming power of the Government strikes were frequent. It appears, however, that the Napoleonic Government did not always put in force the great powers of suppression it possessed by law. No doubt in later years the enormous demands of men for the army diminished the number of workmen available in the capital for carrying out the great public works that Napoleon's Government always had in hand. This book is another product of the great school of modern French historians who are at length bringing to light the real facts of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic epoch.

"Prehistoric Rhodesia." By R. N. Hall. London: Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.

The temple at Zimbabwe has been accepted as certain evidence of the existence of an ancient civilisation in Mashonaland; and, certain features in the building suggesting Semitic influence, the temptation to identify Mashonaland as Ophir was irresistible. Then came Professor Maciver with his startling thesis that Zimbabwe and all the other ruins in Rhodesia were the work of native Africans who, shortly before the arrival of the Portuguese on the east coast in the fifteenth century, had mined for gold and erected large buildings in stone. Mr. Hall, long identified with the exploration of the Rhodesian ruins, now answers Professor Maciver in a volume of nearly five hundred pages. The book is full of repetitions, and is badly written. But the illustrations are excellent, and we do not see how some of his points can be refuted. Professor Maciver held that Zimbabwe was the culmination of Bantu architectural progress, the glorification of the Kafir hut. Mr. Hall believes that the Zimbabwe temple is older than Inyanga, that the skilful building of high walls with dressed stone, the solid conical tower, and the presence of soapstone birds, phallic emblems, and abundant gold, all at the lowest level of the structure, differentiate this ruin from any erection of Bantu builders. He certainly proves that Professor Maciver has greatly underrated the evidence in old Arab and Portuguese writers as to the antiquity of the ruins. He proves that no known Bantu have ever built anything in the least like Zimbabwe, and that the evidences of nature-worship in the temple are alike inconsistent with Bantu religious ideas and impossible in any building constructed under Mohammedan influence. Since Mr. Hall is at no pains to conceal his conviction that Professor Maciver is a careless

investigator, mis-uses written authorities, is grotesquely ignorant of the elements of African ethnology, and suffers from several other disqualifications, it is amusing to find him pulling himself up from time to time with a tribute to his antagonist's "scholarly thesis".

"Preventable Diseases." By Woods Hutchinson. London: Constable. 1909. 6s. net.

There are a great number of preventable diseases, but prevention of them requires that the people should work with the medical profession. This cannot be achieved until public opinion becomes informed and intelligent. Theoretically, therefore, the popular book on medicine is justified. But in practice one finds that the medical writer who tries to educate public opinion fails to realise how strict are the limits he must set himself. He must be simple in his diction, and shun those technical terms which are part of his daily vocabulary, but which to the amateur are mere jargon. He must also bear constantly in mind that there are two kinds only of medical knowledge which the amateur can absorb and apply with benefit and without danger. One is such knowledge as will help to prevent disease, the other such knowledge as will apprise him of the onset of a disease, like cancer or pulmonary tuberculosis, which may be curable at its inception but is inveterate when established. But the detailed symptomatology and treatment of disease are essentially the province of the expert, and the less the amateur has to do with them the better for himself. The book before us, judged on these lines, is but a moderate success. Its facts are sufficiently accurate, and its diction on the whole intelligible to the layman, though the author lapses occasionally, as when he speaks airily of "the gamma of syphilis and the interstitial fibrosis of Bright's disease". But he is too verbose, and deals too fully for the practical purposes of such a book with the course of many of the diseases described. The book is flavoured with quasi-humour and transatlantic slang which may please some readers, but it is not by any means the best of its kind.

"East London Visions." By O'Dermid W. Lawler. London: Longmans. 1910. 6s.

This book contains very little about East London, and is largely taken up with visions of the writer. The book is "an attempt to show the supremacy of the Christian religion, though not as commonly understood". In making this attempt Mr. Lawler parts with all the Christian creeds as well as with the Christian virtues of humility and hope. In his last few pages Mr. Lawler outlines some remedies for present-day problems in West Ham. His suggestion that local committees of working men should deal with cases of distress in their immediate neighbourhood, not so much by doles as by discrimination, sympathy, advice, and by giving them opportunities of work, has already been tried with success. Everything depends upon the selection of the committee. Mr. Lawler's allusion to his grandfather—"he was one of the best 'back-gardeners' in East London, and trained beans and jasmine over green-painted lattice arbours that he made"—proves that he might have told us something about East London if he had not taken his mysticism so seriously.

"The Handy Royal Atlas" (London: Johnston. 25s.) is a sort of smaller edition of the Royal Atlas, over which at present it has one advantage. It has been brought right up to date, among the new maps given being a South Polar chart. The work of revision seems to have been done very thoroughly.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 15 Avril.

M. Welschinger completes in this number his interesting account of the captivity of Napoleon III. at Wilhelmshöhe. Some of the reflections of the fallen sovereign are full of sense and power of observation. He took, however, much too flattering a view of the future President Grévy, who had been elected President of the National Assembly. "He hates everything that is unjust, he detests everything that is not upright. There are few advocates like him." This eulogy sounds strange in the light of the subsequent Wilson scandals and the sly campaign of Grévy against Gambetta. His judgment of Victor Emmanuel I. is singularly good throughout. "He consists of two or three men soldered together by some unknown process who are eternally at war within himself. He is the most inveterate aristocrat in Europe, who is only at ease among the populace which disquiets him, an ardent defender of right divine who yet accepts crowns torn from the heads of his nearest relatives." M. de Wyzema writes with feeling and insight on the "tragic story" of Lady Jane Grey, and M. Faguet has a short but luminous study of a novel by M. de Pomairols, dealing with the religious dissensions now so rife in French families.

For this Week's Books see page 538.

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An Eighteenth-Century Correspondence (Edited by Lilian Dickens and Mary Stanton). Murray. 15s.  
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A History and Description of the British Empire in Africa (Sir Harry Johnston). National Society. 10s. 6d. net.  
Master Worsley's Book on the History and Constitution of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple (Edited by Arthur Robert Ingpen). Chiswick Press. 30s.

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SECRETARY (*pro tem.*)—JAMES GOLDING,

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## CALCUTTA TRAMWAYS.

THE Ordinary General Meeting of the Calcutta Tramways Company, Limited, was held on Tuesday at 1 Queen Victoria Street, E.C., Mr. E. C. Morgan (the Chairman) presiding.

The Chairman said: It is very satisfactory to observe that, now that we have an entire year's working to deal with in Howrah, we find it has added slightly to the general net receipts, instead of showing a loss, as was the case last year. As to the revenue account, it is satisfactory to note that savings have been effected under all heads, except in the case of maintenance and repair of cars and their equipment. The heavy expenditure under this head is due to the circumstances mentioned last year as to the difficulties experienced through want of space, which had caused much work to fall into arrears, and also, to some extent, to the greater number of cars in service, but this has been largely removed by the new carshed. The cars constitute an item of expenditure which will always be heavy in our undertakings, as the destructive qualities of the Calcutta climate render more frequent overhaul of our vehicles necessary than is the case elsewhere in order to keep them in good condition. Last year, when conditions were very unfavourable, we experienced a slight set-back in receipts as compared with 1907; but this has been more than recovered, and the year 1908 is the best we have yet had. Perhaps, though we are only dealing with last year's figures, I may be allowed to say that during the present year our returns give promise of a substantial increase on those of 1908. The present position of our undertaking, in our opinion, is sound and progressive. We have passed through very difficult times, largely in consequence of our extensions, not so much by reason of the extensions themselves as in consequence of the delays to which we have been subjected in carrying them out. The conditions in Calcutta at the present time are decidedly good. Trade is better and crops have been abundant, so there is good ground for looking forward to the maintenance of the improvement indicated by the year 1909 of 4 per cent., be, and is hereby, declared, such dividend to be paid on April 20, 1910, from of income-tax.

Sir Henry Kimber, Bart., M.P., seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

The Chairman: I now beg to move: "That a dividend on the Ordinary shares at the rate of 2s. 6d. per share for the half-year ended December 31, 1908, making, with the 2s. per share interim dividend already paid, a total dividend for the year 1909 of 4s. per cent., be, and is hereby, declared, such dividend to be paid on April 20, 1910, from of income-tax."

Mr. John G. B. Stone seconded the resolution, which was unanimously carried.

## KIMBERLEY WATERWORKS.

THE Thirtieth Annual General Meeting of the Kimberley Waterworks Company, Limited, was held on Wednesday at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., Mr. James Jackson (the Chairman) presiding.

The Chairman said: Those of you who were present at last year's meeting may remember that in the forecast I made I was not over- sanguine in my estimate of the outlook, as it was clear that the re-establishment of their position by De Beers must be a gradual process after the radical disorganisation to which the diamond trade had been subjected by the commercial crisis in America two years before. The return of prosperity seems likely to be steady rather than sensationally rapid. As I have often pointed out, the welfare of the Waterworks Company, if not wholly dependent, is very largely dependent on the prosperity of the mines. It does not necessarily follow that the water taken by the mines is in direct proportion to the work done. Unfortunately, that is by no means the case. But when the mines are doing well it means that our customers, the inhabitants of Kimberley, are doing well, that their numbers are increasing, and that they take more largely of the water we supply for their wants. It must not be forgotten that the proportion of water taken by the town is in ever-increasing proportion, and that it is now very largely in excess of that taken by the mines. Of the decrease of 29,000,000 gallons in the consumption this year as against last by far the greater amount is accounted for by the reduction in the requirements of the mines, and it is clear that De Beers every day depend more and more on the purifying plant that I spoke of last year for the supply of water to their boilers, and that their policy is gradually to reduce their requirements from the water company to a minimum. Their policy in this respect has received acceptable support during the past year by the ample rainfall, coming at opportune times, and replenishing the Kenilworth dam, Blankenberg Flei, and the Dutoitspan mine and other sources of supply at very critical times when scarcity threatened. The relations between ourselves and the municipality, De Beers and the Board of Health remained most cordial throughout the year, and our Manager reports that there has not been the slightest complaint from any portion of the distributing system of the Company during the year. The present year, I may say, has started uncommonly well. The first three months show an increase of eight million gallons in the consumption. I now beg to move the adoption of the report and accounts.

Mr. W. Mendel seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

Votes of thanks to the Chairman, directors, and staff closed the proceedings.

## ORSK GOLDFIELDS.

AN Extraordinary General Meeting of the Orsk Goldfields, Limited, was held on Wednesday at Salisbury House, London Wall, the Right Hon. Sir West Ridgeway (Chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Chairman said that they first became interested in the Kolchan property in Eastern Siberia on account of the highly favourable report made upon it by the eminent dredging expert, Mr. C. W. Purington, in 1907. In that report Mr. Purington estimated the gold reserves in the alluvial claims under three headings—viz., positive reserves, probable reserves, and possible reserves. These reserves were estimated to have a gross value of £1,397,000, and a net value of £727,000. Of the positive reserves alone it was then calculated that a net profit of £285,000 was recoverable. Mr. Purington now felt justified, in view of his further visits to the property in 1908 and 1909, in increasing this estimate to £320,000. A 74-ft. close-connected bucket dredge, equipped with an electric power plant, had been ordered, and, in accordance with the terms of contract, should be delivered in time to be erected ready for operation on the property by August, 1911. Mr. Purington estimated that the dredge should run for about 120 days during 1911, and produce a net profit of about £43,000 in that period. For 1912 and the four succeeding years he estimated that, without taking into consideration the probable and possible reserves, a yearly net profit of over £260,000 should be realised. The board, however, contemplated ordering a second large dredge as soon as they were in a position to do so, in which case the net profits from the positive reserves alone for the years 1913 and 1914 should be increased to over £120,000 per annum, exclusive of depreciation. The discovery of rich ground on the Pokrovsky claim last season had increased the value of the Company's reserves to a very considerable extent. He estimated from the positive reserves alone on the Kolchan property and the Pokrovsky claim there was a net profit in sight of about £420,000. Apart from the alluvial claims, they had a very potential asset in the shape of the White Mountain, which might turn out to be an exceedingly valuable quartz proposition. It is proposed to offer 318,000 Preference shares to the shareholders, or their nominees, at par, in the proportion of six Preference shares to every ten ordinary shares now held, payable 2s. per share on application and 3s. per share on allotment. In addition thereto, the subscribers for these Preference shares shall have the right up to June 30, 1912, to subscribe at par for one further Preference share in respect of every two such Preference shares subscribed on the said issue.

The various resolutions to increase the capital were adopted.

## SEDENAK RUBBER ESTATES.

THE Statutory Meeting of the Sedenak Rubber Estates, Limited, was held on Tuesday, at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., Mr. Arthur J. Barry, Chairman of the Company, presiding.

The Chairman said: Although you are aware this is a purely formal meeting called under Act of Parliament, I have no doubt you will be glad to have an opportunity of hearing something about the development of your property. The accounts you have received, and I think they speak for themselves. Of the purchase of fully-paid shares, which was £50,000, £52,000 was paid by the allotment of fully-paid shares, and of the balance of £28,000, £25,000 has already been paid in cash and £3,000 has yet to be paid. This Company, you will remember, was brought out at the beginning of last December, at a time when rubber issues were not such favourites as they are now, but the directors believed that the merits of the property were such that it was unnecessary to underwrite. As a matter of fact, the issue was over-subscribed, and the expenses of underwriting were saved. The expenses of the flotation of the Company were £2,500, which I hope you will consider very reasonable. Now as to the estate itself. It was only last Saturday that we received news from one of your directors, Mr. Gregdon, who is travelling in the East, and has made a thorough examination of the property personally, and any figures I give you as regards planting are from information received direct from him. You will remember in the figures given in the prospectus with regard to planting that on November 1, when the Company took over the property, there were some 1,400 acres of rubber planted, and we stated that we hoped to get a further 200 acres planted by the end of the year. During November and December we got very nearly 300 acres planted, so that at the end of last year we had 1,777 acres fully planted. Since that date we have planted few small plots in addition, and we have now nearly 1,800 acres of rubber planted, which no doubt you will consider quite satisfactory. As regards the future, in our programme for the first six months of this year we hoped to be able to get planted by June 30 a further 360 acres. We have been unlucky with the weather; there has been an abnormal amount of rain, and we have not been able to burn the felled jungle. There are 570 acres already felled and ready for burning, and as soon as we get a dry spell we shall get on with the burning, and by June 30 we ought to have a further 570 acres planted. Although I am not one of those who consider that rubber is going to be a success for a few years only—I firmly believe it will continue to be a success—the future success of any company depends upon keeping the capital cost as low as possible, so that when the day comes when rubber falls to about 3s. per pound, under circumstances which obtain with our own Company, we may still expect to pay satisfactory dividends. The directors have no reason to change the opinion they expressed in the prospectus that we should be able to bring into bearing a capital cost of £20 an acre. There are very few other companies which can show anything like so low a capital cost as that per acre. As regards the estimate of outputs, the figures given by Mr. Bryce, who knows the property from the very commencement, and who has been a big planter in the locality, may be accepted. We have no reason to doubt him in any way, especially as Mr. Gregdon writes as follows:—"On arrival I was very gratified to find such excellent growth made by the trees. Generally they are well grown and healthy, with but few vacancies. There will be, no doubt, some trees here fit to tap towards the end of the year." With regard to weeding, Mr. Gregdon says: "After going over the Company's property, I have no hesitation in saying it has been well planted and well kept, clean and free from weeds, with an almost entire absence of lalang." I think that is satisfactory, and our best thanks are due to our manager, Mr. Hawtrey, and his staff for what they have done and are doing for us. In conclusion, I may mention that we have applied for a further 1,000 acres from the Johore Government, and the application has been accepted.

Mr. P. C. Turnbull proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman, Mr. E. A. Macintosh seconded, and the Chairman having briefly replied, the proceedings terminated.

## LONDON AND BRAZILIAN BANK.

THE Thirty-ninth Annual Ordinary General Meeting of the shareholders of the London and Brazilian Bank, Limited, was held on Tuesday, at the head office, 7 Tokenhouse Yard, E.C. Mr. John Beaton (the Chairman) presided.

The Chairman said: I think you will have gathered from our report that our financial year ended last January has been a fairly profitable one for the bank. The balance sheet shows the substantial increase in its total of nearly 20 per cent. on the one presented to you last April, and which, you will remember, also showed an increase on that of the preceding year. This continued increase in the volume of our business is certainly a favourable feature; for, notwithstanding the much larger turnover to which I have alluded, the gross profit is only £11,000 more than last year—a result to be attributed, I consider, in the absence of bad debts, to the low rates of interest which prevailed at more than one of our important centres during the period under review, and also, I regret to say, to the smaller margin for profit, the inevitable consequence of very keen competition. I am sure, however, that you will be well content with a profit once again of £240,000 on the bank's business. I have to confirm the announcement in our report that we have opened two more branches in Brazil—the one at Curitiba, the capital of the State of Parana, and the other at Ceara, the capital of the Northern State of that name. Knowing the interest that you very naturally take in everything concerning Brazil, I will refer, although quite briefly, to the recently-published statistics of its foreign trade during last year—1909. They showed that the balance of trade has been £26,600,000 in favour of Brazil, and that the total exports amounted to the record value of £83,700,000. Of this total £52,000,000 was represented by coffee and rubber. During the year there was a rise of 14 per cent. in coffee, and, as regards rubber, in order to show you the financial importance to Brazil of the remarkable increase in its value, which at present seems likely to be maintained, I need only mention that the rubber exports last year, which were officially valued at £18,900,000, would, at the current quotations, have amounted to £29,000,000, or an increase of rather over 50 per cent. The exchange has continued to rule rather above 15d., and I may here mention that the capital of the bank employed in South America is, at the current rates of exchange, appreciated to the extent of about £100,000. The net profit is £240,018, and adding thereto the balance brought forward from last year—£150,500—there is an available balance of £390,500. Last October we paid an interim dividend of 10s. per share, and we now propose to make a further payment of 14s. per share, making the dividend for the year 12 per cent. We also propose to pay a bonus of 10s. per share, thus making a distribution of 17 per cent. per annum, free of income-tax. The Chairman then proposed: "That the report and accounts of the directors, now read, be received and adopted, and that, in accordance with the recommendation of the directors, a dividend of 14s. per share, free of income-tax, making, for the year at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum on the paid-up capital of the bank, and also a bonus of 10s. per share—or 5 per cent.—free of income-tax, on the paid-up capital of the bank, be declared, the same to be payable on and after Friday, the 22nd inst."

Sir Charles D. Rose, Bart., seconded the resolution, which was then put to the meeting and carried unanimously.

The Chairman then proposed: "That the best thanks of this meeting be given to the Managers and Secretary and all other members of the staff of the bank for their zealous and faithful services during the past year."

Mr. J. H. Whittle seconded the motion, which was unanimously adopted. The Manager (Mr. E. A. Benn), in acknowledging the compliment, said that it would be an additional incentive to the staff to use its best efforts in the bank's interests.

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